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THE NATION POLICE GAZETTE DR. CHAPLIN'S TEN WIVES THE LE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

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MAKING A REALITY OF HER DREAMS.
A SOMNAMBULISTIC NEW YORK GIRL WANDERS AWAY TO JERSEY IN LIGHT ATTIRE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

TO OUR READERS.

If there is no news agent in your locality, or from ANY OTHER CAUSE you cannot procure the "Police Gazette," send one dollar to this office, and the paper will be regularly mailed, securely wrapped, for thirteen weeks. Agents wanted wherever there is no newsdealer. Sample copy sent free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

AHEAD EVERY TIME.

The POLICE GAZETTE is constantly going ahead—ahead in circulation, ahead in the variety and excellence of its contents, and ahead in typographical neatness and in everything which goes to make up a publication of the first rank.

Every week some improvement may be noticed in the splay and attractive pages of the GAZETTE. Its millions of readers, scattered throughout the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, Australia, and every other civilized country, not excepting even South Africa, have become so accustomed to look for these little "departures" that they have begun to think that nothing, possible to achieve in journalism, is beyond the reach of their favorite sporting, dramatic and sensational journal; and in a measure they are right. When they begin to look for features in the GAZETTE that seem among the journalistic impossibilities, they will come more nearly to a correct estimate of what this popular and widely read publication really can do to please its numerous friends and admirers.

In our next issue we will introduce a special feature in the shape of a baseball article with accompanying pen and ink sketches, by a member of our staff of talented artists. The GAZETTE has in its employ a baseball writer of long experience—the best in the country. Its aim is always to get the best of everything. In addition to regular contributions from the pen of this gentleman, its regular sporting editor will continue to supply it each week with a careful and accurate resume of current general sporting matters, including "Answers to Correspondents," etc., which have made the GAZETTE an authority on all questions pertaining to sporting and other events, past or present.

During the coming summer season the publisher of the GAZETTE, in order to keep alive an interest in general athletic sports, will present numerous trophies to successful competitors of some of the most notable contests in this country. These will consist of souvenirs and trophies, the possession of which the recipients may well feel proud.

As a sample of the trophies thus distributed to promote all legitimate sports, we may mention the diamond-studded whip which the proprietor of this paper proposes to present to Jimmy McLaughlin, the champion jockey of America, through Abe Hummel, the well-known lawyer, at the Star Theatre, this city, on Sunday evening April 8. This elegant souvenir is now on exhibition in the office of the GAZETTE, and may be seen by any of our friends who may choose to call at any time.

Of course, the dramatic department of the GAZETTE will be kept up, and, being edited by a writer and critic of great ability and long experience, our readers may always expect a rich treat in this department—something to be found in no other journal of this class.

The last issue of the GAZETTE was printed on paper of very much better quality and finish than that of previous issues. This adds another marked improvement, which it is proposed to continue always in the future.

KILRAIN IS CHAMPION.

The New York Clipper of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."

MASKS AND FACES

Actors in the Barber's Chair—Stunning Dresses.

LOVE, JEALOUSY AND PISTOLS

"Are You a Virgin?"—Police Behind the Scenes.

"Actors are particular as to how they have their hair cut," remarked my experienced tonsorial artist Kobell as he flourished the shears over me in the barber's chair the other morning. "You see their hair has to look well when they appear in the street and in society, and then it has also to be cut so that it can be easily covered with a wig. But this rule has exceptions. Kyrie Bellew, Herbert Kelcey, and Louis Massen appear on the stage pretty much as they do in every-day life. Robert Mantell has his hair cut short so as to be ready for the wig. Wilton Lackaye also has short hair, but it's curly about the temples. Fred Bryton, Maurice Barrymore, and Osmond Tearle wear their hair pretty much as you please. Henry Bergman and Charley Bowser smoke while they're having their locks cut, and don't seem to mind whether I trim them bang up or bang down."

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the "Possible Case," the new play by Sydney Rosenfeld, there is no doubt of the magnificence of the costumes worn by Miss Genevieve Lytton. I won't speak of her acting. That lady, in fact, didn't play. She displayed—her fine clothes. Mr. Nym Crinkle, who is an authority, gives this inventory of them:

"This actress wears no less than six dresses in the piece, having indeed to change her entire outfit for every scene, and appearing successively in black moire; Gobelins blue trimmed with fur, silver gray bengaline embroidered with daisies and enriched with drapery of gray crepe and white tulle, white broadcloth embroidered in gold, with petticoat of royal blue velvet, an evening dinner dress of brocade in tints of sea-green, pearl and pink, and black tailor-made suit."

I am glad to hear that there is some probability that Miss Genevieve Lytton, who is no more of an actress than the Dresden doll on your mantel, is to be superseded by Miss Carrie Turner.

There's an artist for you who has the soul of a woman and the training of a professional.

An evening paper amused itself and its readers last week by giving the portraits of some of the chorus girls of New York. It mentioned Isabella Irving, Georgia Lake, Maud Leicester, Marie Reid, Eleanor Lane, Grace Barton and Carrie Coote.

It's a good thing for the editor he wasn't in the neighborhood when those young ladies first saw those pictures. He might have found himself minus some hair and plus some scratches.

Chorus girls, indeed!

Why, there isn't one of them but considers herself a full-blown star!

There are some people who stick up their noses at the bare mention of a variety company. They forget that some of the best artists in the country are graduates from the variety ranks.

Take May Irwin, for instance.

What an amount of life and dash her advent brought into the respectable monotony of Daly's!

May and Flora Irwin are now the stellar attractions of the Howard Athenaeum Specialty company performing at the Star.

Their grimaces, songs, dances are a delightful change after the lecherous emotionalism of "La Tosca," and the fire, brimstone and electric light sensationalism of "Faust."

"Almost every week," said Pauline Hall not long ago, "I receive letters from manufacturers of creams, soaps, cigarettes, washes and perfumes asking me to write them an endorsement of their goods, asking permission to use this photograph of mine or that, begging me to boom this champagne or wine, and a thousand other things. The life of a singer in comic opera, you see, is not entirely one of roses. And yet, I must tell you frankly, I'd rather get a letter from a manufacturer of mullage than a note from a duke."

"Doesn't the former stick closer than the latter, however?" I ventured to ask.

"We had a rather singular experience in Colorado Springs," said Rosina Vokes to Julian Magnus the other day. "We were due there on a Saturday night in time for a performance. Of course we were late; that seems to be a constant and delightful feature of travel on the Denver and Rio Grande. The time-table is an ornament, very pretty—a thing of beauty but by no means a joy for ever. We kept getting further and further behind, and at seven o'clock we were many a weary mile from the Springs. So we made up our minds that there would be no chance of playing. Eight o'clock passed and then 9. Some of us were preparing to have a sleep, for we had no longer any idea of getting to our destination that night. Soon after nine we stopped at a small station and there a telegram was brought me

which stated that the audience was in the theatre and would wait till we got there. Naturally we abandoned all thought of beds, and discussed ways and means of giving a performance. It was half-past 10 when we arrived at the Springs and by 11 o'clock the curtain was up. We began with the 'Milliner's Bill,' which employs only Mr. Thorpe and myself. I dressed in ten minutes, and beat my record all to pieces, for I am generally a slow dresser. After the 'Milliner's Bill' we played 'A Pantomime Rehearsal' and finished by 1 o'clock. You know I never play Sundays, but for once I encroached an hour. The audience seemed to enjoy themselves, and certainly the pieces never went better."

Day before yesterday I met Irene Leslie on Broadway.

She looked very pretty as she stood at one of the florists' stalls and purchased some violets.

You couldn't for the life of you have told that this little body two months ago stirred up such a row between Herbert and Ouida Delmar.

I asked Miss Leslie about it.

"Oh, you see," said she, "Herbert, the manager of our company, happened to fall what they call in love with me. He frequently followed me into my dressing room.

Ouida didn't like these proceedings, and one day, when Herbert and I were in tete-a-tete, said Ouida appeared on the scene, and flourished a pistol and threatened to send her spouse post haste to paradise, and then fell into violent hysterics. That's all!"

Such incidents lend variety to the hum-drum, way-station-sandwich existence of the average one-night stand traveling company.

There are more tragedies, comedies, and farces on the private bills of these companies than are ever dreamt of in our philosophy.

"I have known star actresses do all kinds of things on the road," said Col. Milliken, chatting quietly, skull cap on head and pipe in hand, the other night. "One stole all the towels at the hotel she could lay hands on, leaving her soiled towels in exchange. A second abducted the soap. A third ripped open the bolster of her bed and filled her bustle with its downy feathers."

"We had a comedian in our company, Betts by name," said Molly Potter, "who amused himself by prowling along the hotel corridors at night, seeking whom he might capture and devour. On one occasion, very early in the morning, I heard a rapping, tapping at my chamber door. I lay perfectly still for a time, but when the rapping, tapping

continued I arose and went to see who it was. I was in extreme negligence. When I opened the door just the least little bit I smelt cigar smoke. 'Who's there?' asked I. 'It's me,' answered the man in the hall. 'Who's me?' asked I. 'It's Betts,' said the man. 'What do you want?' asked I. 'I want, I want,' answered the man, slowly, 'I want to ask—say, Molly, are you a virgin?'

Did I hear you say you were shocked?

Nonsense!

The new play "Partners," which Mr. Palmer produces at the Madison Square, is based on a novel by Daudet.

We read this novel in this country under the name of "Sidonie," and it was so well written that we admired it.

A giddy girl marries an elderly man, Rislér, and plays him false with his young partner, Fromont. Rislér works and Sidonie gads about with Fromont. That's the gist of the story.

I'm anxious to see how the precise audiences of the Madison Square will take to it.

It may not be generally known that Blanche Vaughn, the rollicking soubrette of the "Still Alarm" at the Fourteenth Street theatre, was once a member of Mr. Daly's company. She speaks of the classic precincts of that play house as "purgatory," and is delighted to be out of it. She can sing and dance and act, can Miss Vaughn, but why doesn't she learn to pick the banjo?

"Has it ever occurred to you," asks Henry Labouchere, "how hard it is for a tall woman to manage long skirts—and short skirts are out of the question in her case? A tall actress is also at a disadvantage in the kissing and hugging part of the business. A lady can hold up her lips to be kissed,

but to do so in an interesting manner is not a gentleman's privilege—he must kiss down. Also I should bar big bustles were I a manager and had tall, fine-looking actresses to get through the embracing parts of the play. As they have to stoop, the bustle becomes a caricature in its prominence."

Now that Miss Kate Uart replaces Miss Kirby at the Casino, the managers of some other theatres ought to make some changes in their casts.

I wonder why Miss Blanche Courtisse is at the Madison Square.

I marvel that Miss Vida Croly is a member of the excellent company at the Lyceum.

I never could understand why Miss Enid Leslie should walk the boards of Wallack's.

These ladies would be useful members of any profession but that which boasts of a Rose Coghlan, an Agnes Booth and a Louise Dillon.

Charles Coote played *Caravany Bones* as a substitute to Nat Goodwin one night last week at Jersey City.

He played it so well that no one noticed the star's absence.

Look out, ye gentlemen of starring proclivities. Keep your weather eyes open. You may not be as indispensable as you suppose you are.

And when one of you gets sick or tired, and knocks off work for the evening, do you think it fair to dock the salaries of your company?

Nat Goodwin, Frank Mayo, Clara Morris and Neil Burgess, please take notice.

I was much disappointed in Miss Fannie Gillette, who is supposed to support Robert Mantell.

She played *Elizabeth* to Mrs. Bowers' *Mary Stuart* so well that I expected to find her *Diane* in "Monbars" an artistic piece of work.

It's nothing of the kind. It was starchy and conventional in the extreme.

Miss Gillette is not built to play young emotionalists. Her nose and neck—but let us not be personal.

Speaking of noses, do you remember what a certain lady once said to a certain actor whose nose happened to be smashed in a fight?

"I admire your acting very much," said she, "but—but—really I can't get over your nose."

"No wonder, madam," promptly and wittily answered he; "the bridge is broken!"

It is probable that neither Madame Modjeska nor her stage manager, Stinson, expected the press to resent the insult which they heaped upon Miss Grace Filkins, a handsome woman and a capable actress.

A stage manager can do many dirty things with impunity, but he cannot stigmatize a woman with brutal names and set an officer upon her without calling forth at least some few chirps and quavers of protest. The presence of a policeman behind the scenes is an affair of rare occurrence in the United States.

That Stinson was obliged to summon one at the Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and ask his assistance to put out a helpless woman speaks badly for his tact, his management and his manliness.

In the olden time, in France, the police were called in to the theatres and behind the scenes on the slightest provocation.

I remember the case of Mlle. Lemaure, of the opera. One fine evening, away back in 1735, this young actress conceived the fantastic idea that she would leave the piece already begun and the audience already assembled, and go and sup with her lover, who awaited her.

As Mlle. Lemaure was about to execute her fantastic idea, and was about to leave the theatre, an officer of the King, having received superior orders, came along and arrested her.

By a strange hap the humiliation of the actress turned to triumph. The officer who was ordered to lead her to prison was none other than Mr. de Harlay, the very man with whom she was to sup!

Mr. de Harlay gallantly offered Mlle. Lemaure his arm and led her to prison.

They say they had a very good time there. Was it Georgie Drew who defined flirtation to mean 'attention without

intention? I am not certain.

Here, however, is the definition of flirtation given by Max O'Rell:

"'Tis the comedy of love with the fifth act left out."

ROSEN.

IT WAS A HUMAN HEAD.

The head of a man rolled from one of the dirt carts at the dump on the foot of East Seventeenth street, New York, and fell upon a pile of ashes and garbage in the hold of the scow Excelsior. An Italian trimmer saw the severed head and shuddered at the ghastly sight.

Afterward he called the attention of Bernard Thompson, a Norwegian, who has command of the scow, to the grimy head on the ash heap. Thompson, though a strong, hearty fellow, dislikes to look upon the dead and the sight of the head among the ashes almost made him faint. Finally he called his brother Charles and the pair took a look at the head before it became covered with loads of ashes.

Captain Thompson said that the head looked quite fresh and was that of a white man with dark hair, mustache and a short growth of hair on the chin. Charles Thompson says that the neck of the dead man was quite short.

IN HUMAN MOONSHINERS.

A most horrible crime was recently committed at an illicit distillery at Barnes Creek, on the line between Montgomery and Randolph counties, North Carolina. A young man named Andrew Callicott, who had been to the Steele gold mine, imbued too freely of whiskey, and upon returning to the distillery was soon enveloped in a drunken stupor. A party of gamblers who had gathered at the still for the purpose of winning Callicott's money, finding him too drunk to play or resist, poured whiskey on him and set him on fire, taking his money and afterward claiming that it had been burned.

When discovered in the stillhouse all his clothes were burned off, from the waist up, and his skin was roasted off.

A BANKER CUTS HIS THROAT.

Mr. Jacob Galtman, a banker of Memphis, Tenn., recently attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, but failed to accomplish his purpose. He is in a critical condition. Mr. Galtman is the head of the banking firm of Galtman & Co., and has for forty years been prominently identified with interests of Aberdeen and Northeast Mississippi. He has for many years been recognized as the most active and useful citizen in Aberdeen. He is president of the Board of Trade and a member of the City Council. The rash act is thought to be the culmination of a despondency which had its origin in failing health.

DIED WITH HIS HANDS UP.

It was not a fortnight ago that John Schlay and Eddie Smith arranged for a skin-tight glove fight to a finish on March 25. The men trained hard, a personal feeling between them enhancing a desire, outside of the stakes, to win. Last Saturday, however, Schlay, who lived at 255 William street, New York, was attacked by pneumonia. Fever followed, and in his delirium he imagined himself in the ring. Wednesday at noon Schlay rose in his bed and, half recumbent, tried to put his hands up. His sister attempted to quiet him, but in vain. "Now, Smith, look out!" he shrieked. "There, take that!" He tried to strike out from the shoulder, but the effort was too great, and he fell back dead.

FINALLY DECIDED.

The New York Clipper of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Bertha Heyman.

A noted confidence woman, who has been lately operating in San Francisco, Cal., under the name of Bertha Stanley, where she is said to have swindled several members of the elite Hebrew society. The woman's real name is Bertha Schlessinger. She was born in Poland in 1851. Her father was noted forger. She came to this country about ten years ago and has since lived most of the time in luxury and ease. In Inspector Byrnes' book she is known as "Big Bertha," or the confidence queen of the United States.

THRASHED BY A RIVAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Dr. Morgan, of Port Byron, was yesterday severely horsewhipped by Dr. Merriman, of the same place, says a special from Rockland, Ill., dated March 23. They are rival physicians, between whom bitterness has long existed, and this affair was the result of Morgan's causing Merriman to be ordered out of the house of one of his (Morgan's) patients, where Merriman was in attendance. The thrashing was upon the public highway.

KILLED HIS SISTER'S SUITOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Nicholas Goldenkirch, a commercial traveler, thirty-five years of age, was shot and fatally wounded on Monday night last by Charles W. Green, a prominent Williamsburgh, N. Y., real estate broker. The shooting took place at the latter's residence, 106 Rodney street. Green objected to the visits Goldenkirch was paying his sister, and fatally shot the latter during a quarrel with him.

COULDN'T GET THERE FAST ENOUGH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A novel wedding took place on the east-bound accommodation train on the B. and O. R. R. recently, says a Cumberland, Md., special, as the train was coming down the seventeen mile grade at a very rapid rate. As it stopped at Swanton a gentleman and lady boarded the train. A clergyman happened to be aboard the train, and learning of this fact the couple concluded to be married on the spot.

MAKING A REALITY OF HER DREAMS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Ellen Bozart, a young woman residing with her parents at 316 West Nineteenth street, this city, wandered through the streets of Jersey City a few nights ago in a fit of somnambulism, clad only in her night gown, which was covered with a waterproof cloak. She wore a light pair of shoes, and her head was protected only by a small white skull cap. On reaching Jersey City her condition was discovered and she was taken care of.

DIDN'T MIND THE BLIZZARD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Jennie L. Leonard, a handsome maiden, was married to Mr. Clifford Robinson at her father's home in Hebron, near Norwich, Conn., and the couple made their wedding tour upon a sled, drawn by two pairs of oxen, to their future residence in Columbia, a distance of a dozen miles. Eighty farmer lads and maidens had received invitations, and accompanied the bride and groom through the almost impassable heaps of snow.

"HOWDY, MR. GOULD?"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A funny incident occurred at the Sub-Tropical. As Jay Gould and his party were standing near one of the exhibits a loosely built, gaunt man approached Mr. Gould and said: "Howdy, Mr. Gould? I'm mighty glad to see yer," and thrust out his hand. Mr. Gould smiled and shook the man's hand, who, with a sweeping jerk of his head to the ladies in the party, retired. He was heard afterward relating with great exultation to his friends how he had shaken "Jim" Gould's hand.

A JEALOUS WOMAN'S MADNESS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Lima, O., says that an exciting scene was enacted at the home of Mrs. Samuel McCullough, about a mile east of that city, a few days ago, when the wedding of her youngest daughter, Miss Kate, to Mr.

HE IS CHAMPION.

The New York Clipper of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."

E. W. Baker, of that city, was about to be celebrated. It seems an elder sister of the bride, who lives with her parents, for some reason objected to the ceremony proceeding, and, pointing a revolver at the bridegroom, threatened to kill him if he married her sister. The couple were obliged to go to Lima to have the knot tied.

CAPTAIN ROBERT O. WEBB.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the oldest and most efficient of the many good men and true who wear the blue and gold of our Metropolitan police force is the handsome and intelligent gentleman whose portrait appears in this issue. Capt. Webb was born Jan. 27, 1835, and became a policeman Feb. 7, 1861. He served as roundsman in the Fourth Precinct during the draft riots of '63. Brave, fearless, and of untiring energy, he soon became a terror to the tough and dangerous element that held sway in the "bloody Fourth," the hardest spot in New York in those days of twenty-six years ago. He resigned in August, '65, and was reappointed August, '68. On July 11, '71, he was made roundsman. His service in the Orange riots received favorable notice from his superiors, and led to his appointment as Sergeant June, 1873. Seven years later, in May, 1880, he was made Captain. He has commanded in the Twenty-seventh, now the Second Precinct; Tenth, now Eleventh; also the Seventh and Fourth, and is at present in charge of the Twelfth Precinct. His talents and executive ability have won for him the honor and respect of all classes in the districts over which he has presided. The Fourth Precinct, where the Captain first wore the uniform of patrolman, raised a howl of outraged indignation at his removal. It claims him as its own, and lives in the hope that his return to his old home will not be far in the future.

A BLOODY FIGHT IN THE DARK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Marshal Ensminger, of Crawfordville, Ind., recently went, in company with another officer named Brothers, to arrest Harry Foreman for murderously assaulting his wife. Foreman barricaded the door of his residence and stood with an ax ready to receive the officers. The officers broke the door down and started to enter. The room being dark, Ensminger could not see Foreman. Just as Ensminger crossed the threshold Foreman struck at him with an ax, which grazed the marshal's head, cut his collar in twain and crushed into his shoulder. He then attacked Brothers, striking him in the left cheek and making a frightful wound. The wounded marshal then drew his revolver and commenced shooting into the dark room where Foreman stood with the ax. This soon caused Foreman to beg for mercy, and he gave himself up and was hustled off to jail.

BART J. DORAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Bart J. Doran was born Dec. 9, 1861, in Gloucester City, N. J. Height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 131 pounds. Defeated Frank Rafferty (heavy weight), 3 rounds, Gloucester, N. J.; Pete Sheridan, 3 rounds, Gloucester, N. J.; Pud Robie, 1 round, Gloucester, N. J.; Jack Henry, 9 rounds, Blackwoodtown, N. J.; Eugene Doyle, 3 rounds, Blackwoodtown, N. J.; Joe Pillion, 4 rounds, "Neck," Philadelphia; Tom Beale (heavy-weight), "Neck," Philadelphia; H. Cook, 11 rounds, Fairmount, Philadelphia; E. Chambers, 7 rounds, Red Bank, N. J.; Cooper Cattell, 2 rounds, Red Bank, N. J. He is at present professor of physical culture at the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake. He also directs the sparring class at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

A PLOT THAT FAILED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The plot to murder Mr. Luther H. Rowe, of Malden, on Sunday last, was the queerest and most dramatic conspiracy that has been brought to light in a long time. A few days ago Mr. Rowe, who had a house in Melrose to sell, and thinking he had found a buyer, took the 2 o'clock train on the Saugus branch and got off at Faulkner station. He immediately went to a house on Haskins street, where, in response to a note, he expected to find a buyer. He was admitted by a young woman, who afterward proved to be Miss Dora Nickerson, of Boston. Mr. Rowe was shown into an unfurnished room on the left side of the hallway. While he was waiting in the room a curtain was suddenly drawn aside and he was shot at. Fortunately he got out of the house with his life.

A DESPERATE CRIMINAL'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About 100 men recently started out from Wheeling, W. Va., to capture one of the most desperate criminals in the country, who had taken to the forests to elude the officers of the law. His name is Henson Willis. About a month ago, according to the story of a woman who lived with him in a junk boat near Ropely Landing, he murdered a man and a woman named Jennings, and threw their bodies into the river. Last Friday he murdered his father-in-law, and also consigned his body to the river. While being pursued he ambushed a squad of his pursuers and fired upon them with a Winchester, instantly killing a man named Thornton and wounding another whose name is not known.

NO BLOODTHIRSTY BROTHER INTERFERED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The marriage of Miss Cora Belle Fellows to Chaska, the Sioux Indian, occurred at Swift Bird's Camp, Dak., on the evening of March 24, the ceremony having been performed by a missionary of the Episcopal Church, in the presence of a large number of the Sioux braves and squaws and a few government attaches of the reservation. The happy bride says that Chaska is a man, not a dude, and far superior to the sensationalists who have been maligning him.

MISS GRACE FILKINS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The dashing and handsome actress whose name appears above is made the subject of one of the attractive portraits which embellish our pages this week. She was a member of Mme. Modjeska's company, and now sues for breach of contract. For two years Miss Filkins was an *opérette* at Daly's theatre, this city, but has recently been playing in the leading cities with Mme. Modjeska's troupe.

BOUND, GAGGED AND ROBBED.

Low Decker, a butter dealer on Harrison avenue, Harrison, N. J., went to his barn in the rear of the house late Saturday night. While returning to the house he was attacked by three men.

His hands were tied behind him, a gag was thrust into his mouth, and he was beaten into insensibility, and robbed of his coat, vest and \$32.

The highwaymen left him lying in the mud, bound and gagged. A few minutes afterward Decker revived and made his way to the house.

His wife and another woman were aroused, and seeing Decker covered with blood they screamed murder and police. A score of neighbors responded, and a diligent but fruitless search was made for Decker's assailants.

A STRANGE STORY.

A story, equal to Hugh Conway's famous "Called Back," is in circulation at Toledo, O. Following are the principal features: Adam Borgman, once a prosperous brewer in this city, died and left his property to his brother Gustave. Gustave lived at Fremont, boarding with Mrs. Emily Deronsche, a French woman. Among her other boarders were Mrs. Gilbrant and her daughter Stella. One day Borgman was missing, and his body was afterwards found in the creek near the city of Fremont. It was supposed that he committed suicide. At the time of the finding of the body Stella Gilbrant became suddenly insane. Her mother connected her loss of mind with Borgman's sudden death. Mrs. Deronsche disappeared and could not be found until this week, when she appeared in Fremont. She called upon the Gilbrants, and to the surprise and amazement of the neighbors Stella Gilbrant shouted, "Hold that woman; she killed Gustave." Rubbing her eyes as if she had been asleep, she sprang from the bed. Her senses had returned.

She told the story of Mrs. Deronsche robbing the body of Borgman for his money after she had pushed the unfortunate man into the stream. The sight of the crime had paralyzed the young girl, and her senses only returned upon the return of the murderer. A search for Mrs. Deronsche revealed the fact that she had again mysteriously disappeared, and it was thought best for all parties concerned to say nothing about it; there being not enough evidence to convict Mrs. Deronsche if she could be found.

DISEASE DRIVES HER MAD.

Mrs. Joseph Parker, of Stewartstown, W. Va., adopted a very desperate method to commit suicide recently. She was a young woman, with a husband and three children. For some time, on account of prolonged physical infirmities, she had become very much depressed in mind, and at times required close watching to prevent her from doing violence to herself. The other day she took advantage of her husband's absence to kill herself in the following terrible manner. Leaving her infant with a servant, she repaired to a stable and saturated her clothing with coal oil. Then she lighted a match and set it on fire. The pain apparently restored her to her senses. A few minutes afterward she came from the building on fire from head to foot.

The servant, who was still holding the child, rushed up to save her, but the woman beat her off with one hand and with the other made frantic efforts to clasp her infant to her arms. The servant threw down the child and endeavored to smother the flames. Two men came to the rescue and she was secured, with nearly all her clothing burned off and her body terribly scorched. Her hair was burned off and her face presented a terrible appearance, one eye being closed. When medical aid reached her she was more crazed than ever, and resisted all efforts to ease her pain. She died a terrible death in a few hours. The men who pursued her were burned in their efforts to smother the flames. Her husband did not reach home till shortly before she died, and is overcome with grief.

MURDERED HIS AGED FATHER.

News has reached Memphis, Tenn., of a parricide which occurred in Gibson county, near Atwood. Some six or eight weeks ago a young man by the name of John McCoy wooed and won a Miss Minnie Gould, and with his bride went to live with his father, Richard McCoy, until he could buy a residence. Everything moved on pleasantly until the young man's mother and wife had a little misunderstanding and hot words were passed. Mr. McCoy, the father, being fifty-eight years old and a little childish, threatened to whip the daughter-in-law if she persisted in her abuse. This enraged the son to such an extent that he attacked his father with a knife, cutting his throat from ear to ear. The murdered father was a man of considerable means, highly respected by everybody and leaves a wife and twelve children. The young man was twenty-three years old. He made his escape and has not been captured.

RESCUED BY ITS MOTHER.

Tuesday Mr. Joseph Skinner's two-year-old son toppled into a well thirty-seven feet deep, says a recent despatch from Portland, Me., that had been cleaned out and left open. The mother heard the screams of the little one as he fell, and, rushing to the well, saw him floundering in two feet of water. Wild with desperation, the mother started to make the perilous descent to rescue her darling. Partly climbing and sliding, she reached him none too soon. Clinging the child to her bosom, she called to a five-year-old son to go to the neighbors, a half mile distant, for help, to rescue her from the well, it being walled with brick, and furnished no footing for her to climb up. After nearly two hours of mental agony, the boy arrived with help, and she and the child were rescued. The child's head is terribly cut, but otherwise he was not hurt. The hands of the mother were lacerated by her efforts to hold to the wall as she slipped down.

SENT HIS EAR TO COURT.

A human ear, the property of Richard Palmer, a resident of Flushing, L. I., was picked up from a gutter in that little village and introduced as *corpus delicti* before Police Justice Smith in a charge of mayhem.

The complainant could not appear, being compelled to remain at home mourning the loss of his listening apparatus, but both his assailants, Patrick Hickey and P. Romain, basketmakers, were held on the charge. The mayhem victim is a son of Excise Commissioner Palmer, who happened to be in McCormick's Hotel on Saturday night when the basketmakers began a disturbance after being refused drinks. A fight and a bite ensued.

OUR CHAMPION IS CHAMPION.

The New York Clipper of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men of All Sorts Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



William J. Collins.

This bright young player has been engaged to catch for the Newark Club. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, some twenty years ago. Prior to last year he played with amateur clubs of Brooklyn. His baseball career dates back to 1883, when his fine throwing and clean handling of the ball attracted considerable attention. His playing has been very creditable. Portrait above.

Maurice Nolan.

Among our criminal portraits this week will be found the picture of Maurice Nolan, who was recently arrested for the brutal murder of William Race, an old farmer residing at Belle Meade, N. J.

Marve Beardsley.

In this issue we publish a portrait of M. Beardsley, the famous long-distance broncho rider, whose marvelous feats of horsemanship have created such a furor in England. Beardsley was recently one of the contestants in the equestrian-bicycle six-day race at London, Eng.

Richard Barber.

Perhaps the most atrocious murder that has been committed for some time in this section was that of Mrs. Richard Mason an old farmer's wife, at Podunk, N. Y., a few nights ago. Barber beat out the brains of his victim with a club when she was in the act of supplying him with food.

Will T. Hoagland.

Who resides at Union Springs, N. Y., is champion long-distance heel-and-toe walker of America, and is well known throughout the United States. He has figured in numerous races, and is probably the fastest heel-and-toe walker in America from 50 to 100 miles. His portrait appears on another page.

"Piggy" Norton.

On another page will be found the portrait of "Piggy" Norton, a notorious crook and thief, now under indictment in Brooklyn, N. Y., for burglary, and who confessed to having taken part in the mysterious robbery of the residence of Dr. Wickham, a reputable physician of Port Jervis, N. Y., who, he says, was in collusion with him.

Jack Bates.

The western feather-weight, is 20 years old, was born at Birmingham, England, but his parents came to America when he was a baby and settled at Youngstown, Ohio.

Bates is a game, clever, little fellow, strong and muscular, fights at 118 pounds, and is open for the best men of his weight. He has fought seven battles and never suffered defeat.

He is a protégé of "Brooklyn Ed" McDonald, and the pair are now hustling in the Sunny South and intend to reach Minneapolis in the near future with a view of tackling Ike Weir, the "Spider."

Joseph Scott.

Whose portrait appears on another page, is a native of Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand, Australia, and the champion walker of the world. His height is 5 feet 7 inches, and his weight, when in proper fettle, is about 8 stone 9 pounds. In 1879, at Dunedin, Scott won Austin's twenty-four hours' competition, defeating eighteen of the best men in the colonies by eight miles, walking 116 miles in the twenty-four hours. In 1882, in a match for £100, he easily defeated his old opponent, Edwards, in a twenty-four hours' walk, and again beat him in a forty-eight hours' walk for £200 and the champion belt of Australasia. He has repeatedly defeated Arthur Hancock, the great fifty-mile champion walker of England. In 1886 Charles Harriman, the American champion, arrived in Sydney, and was very easily defeated by Scott in a seventy-five hours' walk (Harriman receiving five miles start), for £200 a side. Scott also won the six-days' championship belt at the Sydney Exhibition.

ATTACKED BY BRIGANDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A despatch from Denver, Col., says that several messengers who were recently on their way to that place with bullion from the Arizona mines were attacked by outlaws and three murdered. Mexican bandits are supposed to have done the deed.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 10th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



CAPTAIN ROBERT O. WEBB,
OF THE TWELFTH PRECINCT, A FEARLESS AND EFFICIENT OFFICER, WHO HONORS
THE BLUE AND GOLD OF OUR METROPOLITAN POLICE.



MISS GRACE FILKINS,
WHO AS A MEMBER OF MME. MODJESKA'S COMPANY HAS BEEN DELIGHTING
MANY AUDIENCES RECENTLY.



AN IMAGE OF THE "OLD BOY."
THE DIABOLICAL AND UNCANNY MONSTROSITY THAT A CLEVELAND, OHIO, MAN IS
SAID TO BE THE FATHER OF.



ATTACKED BY BRIGANDS.
MESSENGERS CARRYING BULLION TO DENVER, COLORADO, ARE ATTACKED BY OUT-
LAWS AND TWO MURDERED.



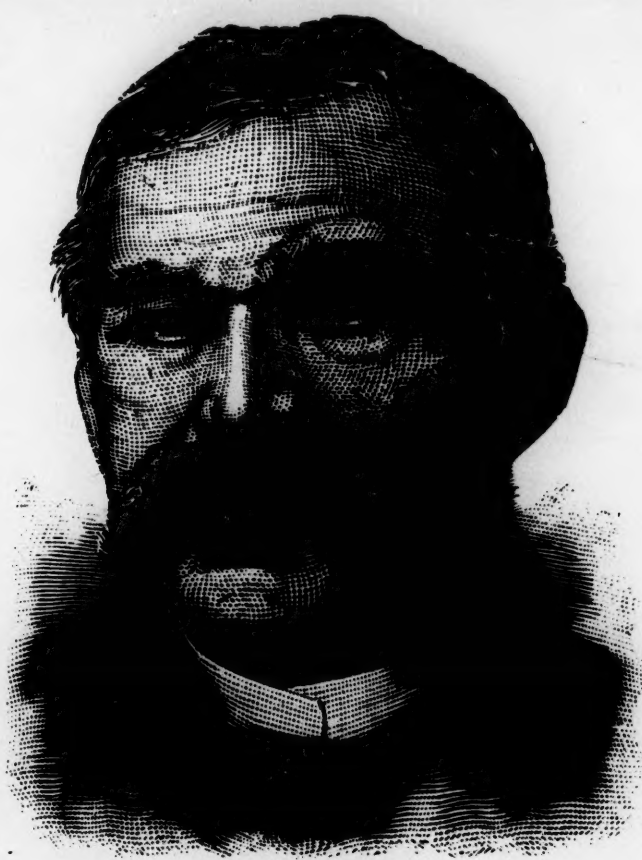
THRASHED BY A RIVAL.
DR. MERRIMAN OF PORT BYRON, ILLINOIS SEVERELY HORSEWHIPS DR. MORGAN
OF THE SAME PLACE.



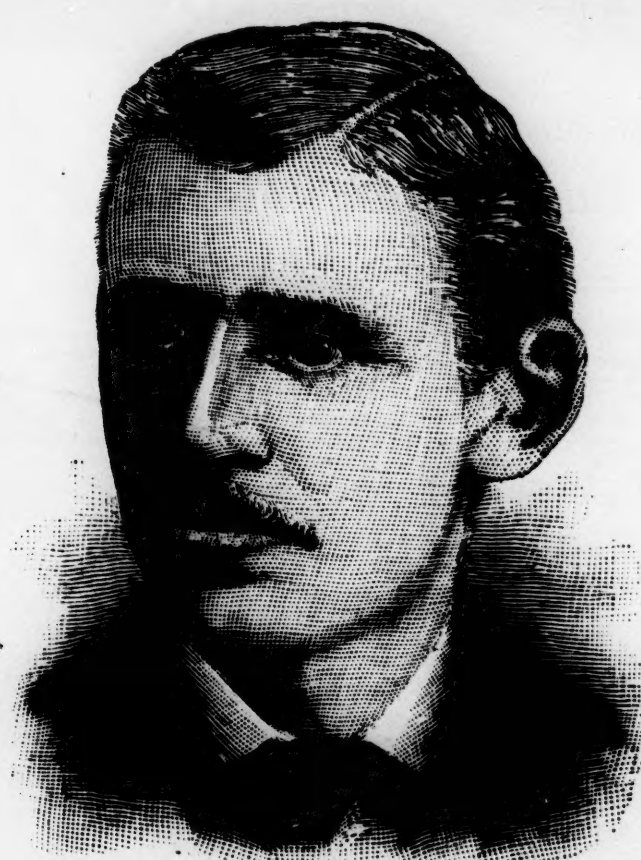
A BLOODY FIGHT IN THE DARK.
HARRY FOREMAN, OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, MAKES A MURDEROUS ATTACK
ON OFFICERS WHO ATTEMPT TO ARREST HIM.



MAURICE NOLAN,
CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF WILLIAM RACE OF BELLE
MEADE, NEW JERSEY.



"PIGGY" NORTON,
A NOTED BURGLAR, WHO ROBBED A FORT JERVIS MANSION AND
SAYS THE OWNER WAS IN COLLUSION WITH HIM.



RICHARD BARBER,
WHO BEAT OUT THE BRAINS OF MRS. RICHARD MASON, OF
PODUNK, NEW YORK.

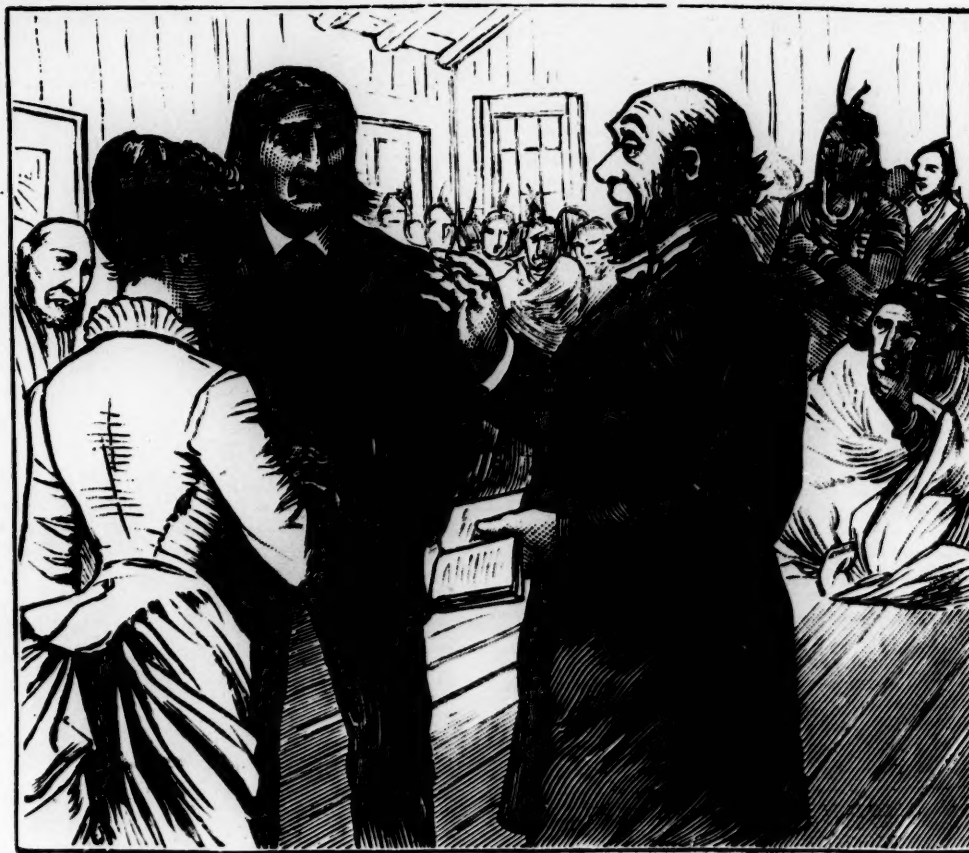


A DESPERATE CRIMINAL'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

HE AMBUSHES SEVERAL OFFICERS IN A FOREST NEAR WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, AND KILLS ONE OF HIS PURSUERS.



KILLED HIS SISTER'S SUITOR.
BRODER CHARLES W. GREEN, OF WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y., ENDS A NEW YORK DRUM-
MER'S INTIMACY WITH HIS SISTER BY MURDERING HIM.



NO BLOODTHIRSTY BROTHER INTERFERED.
PRETTY MISS FELLOWS BECOMES THE BRIDE OF RED CHASKA, A DUSKY SCALP
HUNTER AT SWIFT BIRD'S CAMP, DAKOTA.

ARCH VILLAIN.

Rascally Dr. J. M. Chaplin of Findlay, Ohio.

BIGAMY AS A BUSINESS

He Married Numerous Women Only to Rob and Desert Them.

HIS LAST WIFE GAME.



DR. J. M. CHAPLIN, of Findlay, O., has been arrested for bigamy. He had ten wives and twenty spurious medical diplomas. An investigation by the Prosecuting Attorney of Ward county, R. Parker, shows up Chaplin, alias Barton, alias Half, etc., in a very bad light. He did not practice medicine as much as he practised matrimony. His little game appears to have been to go to

some prosperous country town, hang out his shingle, and then proceed to get acquainted with wealthy marriageable ladies, and it did not make much difference whether they were maidens or widows. He went to Findlay about two months ago, rented an office, and began the practice of medicine. He met with indifferent success in that line, but three weeks ago married Mrs. Laura Freyberger, a widow, living in North Baltimore. She had \$12,000. The announcement of the marriage was extensively circulated, and finally reached one of his wives who lives at Greenville, Ind., whom he married last August, and two months after left her, after getting all the money she had.

The doctor was arraigned before Justice Barnd this morning, and waiting examination was bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury in the sum of \$1,000, which he failed to secure and was again remanded to jail. The Prosecuting Attorney then applied to Judge Pendleton, of the Court of Common Pleas, for a special Grand Jury to consider the evidence and return an indictment in order that Chaplin might be put on trial at the term of Court now in session. This request was granted, and a special Grand Jury will be drawn on Monday, to whom all the evidence now in the possession of the Prosecuting Attorney will be submitted, and an indictment will speedily follow, as Chaplin himself acknowledges that they have got him down fine, and intimates that he will plead guilty when brought to trial rather than face the ordeal of meeting his numerous victims in the court room.

Evidence continues to multiply which shows Chaplin to be without a successful rival in his particular line, that of gaining the affection and confidence of women with money, whom he would rob and then desert only to seek fresh victims. His exploits, as shown by the evidence now in the hands of the Prosecuting Attorney, have been strange and varied, and the full details would fill many columns. His true name is Judson Chaplin, and he was born in Marshall, Ill., about thirty-six years ago, and was the son of a cooper. Of his boyhood nothing is known, but when about twenty years old he became a clerk in the dry goods store of Dr. Smith in his native town, where he worked about four months and then went to Greenville, Ind., where he became acquainted with a young lady whom he married.

This was marriage No. 1. He stayed with his wife about two weeks, when he began to abuse her, and was driven away from the town by her father. By this marriage there was one child born long after the father had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

Chaplin, however, returned to Marshall and, stealing Dr. Smith's medical diploma, skipped out, and the next heard of him was at Pana, Ill., or a small village near there, where he hung out a shingle and began the practice of medicine, and courted Miss Nellie Webster, to whom he was soon afterward married.

This was wife No. 2. From her he borrowed \$900 to go to a neighboring town to buy a home for them, but he never returned, and the finger of scorn was soon pointed at her as a deceived and deserted wife. The doctor was now started on his remarkable career, and landed with his \$900, or what was left of it, at Fresno, California, where he assumed the name of Baker, and pretended to be a civil engineer. He borrowed \$1,000 from a prominent grape grower on some plausible pretext, and won the heart of Miss Clara Jones, a young woman with some money, whom he married.

This was marriage No. 3. From her he obtained a large sum of money, the amount not now known, to go to San Francisco to cancel a mortgage on some property in which his wife was interested. He went, but never returned, and she has been mourning him and the loss of the money ever since. Nothing is now known of his career until about two years after his desertion of the California woman, when he showed up at New Orleans as Dr. Orrin D. Barton. Here he was detected in some crooked work at the St. Charles

CHAMPION OF THEM ALL.

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Hotel, but before he could be arrested he jumped the city and landed at Louisiana's capital as Dr. O. Lawrence Barton, a graduate of the Ohio Medical College. He was soon discovered to be a humbug, but not before he had courted and wedded the widow of a wealthy planter.

This was marriage No. 4. Here he was arrested for sending an indecent letter through the mails to a Dr.

other at some point in the East, with returns expected in any moment from the back counties.

This wife No. 6 has been pursuing the bogus doctor for years, but always failed to catch up with him until he came to grief here, and her good fortune in overtaking him at this point is due to the fact that Chaplin had not yet got his fingers on any of his last wife's money, and tarried too long for that purpose, thus al-



BEGINNING HONESTLY A LIFE ENDED IN RASCALITY.

Dupray, of the same city, and to escape punishment he forfeited his bond and left the Pelican State behind him. At Concord, Ky., he put in an appearance as Dr. O. L. Barton, the marine surgeon, and soon got into the good graces of a widow by the name of Cochran, and married her.

This was marriage No. 5. From her he obtained a sum of money with which to buy a drug store, and left the town, never to return, and his bride is still wearing weeds on account of his disappearance. The next heard of him is at Osage, Iowa, again as Dr. O. Lawrence Barton. Here he courted and married Miss Cora E. Baker, a music teacher, and prominent in Methodist Church circles.

This was marriage No. 6. In this place he took a seeming interest in church affairs and became a member of a fashionable congregation. It was not long, however, until he concluded to leave. This time he took his wife with him and located at Seattle, Washington Territory, where he resided one month, treating his wife shamefully and then stealing \$900 from her, all the money she had in the world, the accumulation of years as a music teacher. He abandoned her and struck out for the land of the rising sun, leaving his wife without a penny or a friend, two thousand miles away from her friends and sick from a loathsome disease he had communicated to her.

This wife, however, was game, and is the one who was instrumental in running the doctor down, and is likely to soon see the prison doors close upon his remarkable career as a bigamist. She gathered all the foregoing testimony concerning his numerous wives, and the manner in which he had fleeced and betrayed them, and when she saw the announcement of his recent marriage in this city to Mrs. Laura Freyberger, the wealthy widow of Bowling Green, she at once placed herself in communication with the Prosecuting Attorney and submitted her evidence, upon which Chaplin was arrested, and to which is due these sensational disclosures. The doctor admitted to your correspondent this afternoon his marriage to this lady, but protested that he thought she was dead, although he acknowledged he made no effort to ascertain whether such was the fact or not.

This lady, wife No. 6, sent a letter to the prosecuting attorney this morning that she, accompanied by her brother, was on her way here to prosecute the doctor, and that three or four more of his wives might be expected. They are likely to hold a convention when

lowing Nemesis to gather him in.

The various names on the bogus diplomas found in his trunk indicate that he sailed under the names of Dr. James M. Chaplin, Dr. Jud Chaplin, Dr. Orrin L. Barton, Dr. O. Lawrence Barton, Dr. Rogers and Dr. George W. Williams. He struck this city about the 1st of January, but made few acquaintances and gained no practice. He became acquainted with Mrs. Freyberger, the lady whom he last married, at McComb, a small town near here, where he was located for a short time previous to his coming here.

Dr. James M. Chaplin is a man apparently about forty years old, medium height, and will weigh prob-

ably one hundred and forty pounds. He does not bear the appearance of a masquerade, being very ordinary-looking, not particularly prepossessing nor handsome. His hair is dark, and he sports a light mustache of moderate length. His manner is rather quiet, and it is said that he made but few friends among the men, who generally sized him up as being a fraud. He claims to have graduated from the Ohio Medical College at Cincinnati, but the officers of that institution say that no diploma was ever issued to any man of that name. One was issued to Orrin L. Barton, however, and it is believed that Chaplin stole this and assumed the name when he married at Osage, Iowa. There is evidence that he was married in Bloomfield, Ind., about ten years ago, but that wife is known to be dead.

BANKER MEAD'S MURDERER.

It is said the authorities at Wauwapa, Wis., are confident that they have a clue that will clear up the mystery surrounding the cold-blooded murder of H. C. Mead, the wealthy and prominent banker of that city, who was found in his office on the morning of Oct. 10, 1882, his head literally blown to pieces. The assassin had evidently fired the fatal shot as Mr. Mead was balancing his cash, and then coolly entered the room and ransacked the safe of money and valuable papers. The murder caused a profound sensation, and a reward of \$2,000 was offered for the arrest of the guilty party, and Mooney and Boland, the Chicago detectives, were employed for several months in an effort to fix the crime on the murderer.

The detectives who were employed on the case ascertained that the killing was done early in the evening—probably not later than 9 or 10 o'clock. The assassin had apparently cut out a section of the wire window screen



PLAYS THE HYPOCRITE—COURT-ING HIS SIXTH WIFE.



KICKED OUT BY HIS FIRST WIFE'S FATHER.

they get here. In addition to the foregoing list of wives who claim Dr. Chaplin for a husband, there are said to be three more besides the one he married here three weeks ago. One of these is located at Columbus, Ohio, where Chaplin was quartered a while as Dr. Rogers; the other is said to be in Erie, Penn., and an-

large enough to admit the muzzle of his gun, and, standing on a box that had been rolled against the side of the building, rested his weapon on the window sill and shot the banker as he sat at his desk. He had apparently been unwarned that death was at hand. With \$8,000 or \$10,000 in money and a like sum in notes and

government bonds, the assassin had fled to the woods. Several arrests were made in connection with the affair, and Alfred Vandecar, of Oconomowoc, was twice tried for the killing, the jury in both instances failing to agree on a verdict. Mooney & Boland, who made this arrest, were confident that Vandecar was guilty, but recent developments tend to show that they were mistaken.

During the past two or three days the District Attorney has received letters from Warden Carter of the Wisconsin penitentiary, stating that a convict named Adam Guckenberger, who is serving a long term for an assault on a girl at Marshfield, claims to know who killed Mr. Mead. Guckenberger's story is that while in jail at Marshfield a man known as Pat Carr, alias Grover, occupied a cell with him while awaiting a hearing for larceny. One night a mob attacked the lock-up at Stevens Point and lynched a notorious character named Jack Riley, and it was reported that the jail at Marshfield was to be assaulted and the prisoners hanged. Guckenberger says that after the report was received at Marshfield Carr became greatly excited. He cursed and raved and beat his hands against the bars of the cell window in a frantic effort to escape. Guckenberger claims that while in this frenzied state Carr told him that he was the murderer of Banker Mead and feared the Stevens Point mob had found out the fact and was coming to hang him. He also confessed, the convict claims, that he killed a man a few years previous at Hudson, this State, and had also murdered a man in an Ohio town, the name of which Guckenberger could not recall.

PASTOR SPENCER'S SPREE.

The little town of Stockton, N. Y., situated way back in the county at the foot of Bear Lake, furnishes more than a half of the sensational news arising in the county.

Up to a short time ago the Rev. G. B. Spencer was pastor of the Baptist Church. Several different times Spencer had been away from his flock, and oftentimes Sunday would pass away without there having been any preaching at the Baptist Church.

A few days ago one of the elders received a dispatch from the Rev. Mr. Spencer, dated at Buffalo, which stated that he was in trouble and needed assistance. The church representatives went to Buffalo in answer to the call. There they found that their beloved pastor was under arrest and did not have a dollar with which to pay his fine. It seems that Spencer went to Buffalo and there registered under the name of Willard, of Chicago, and thereupon set out to have a general good time. He was arrested, charged with disorderly conduct at a hotel on Michigan street. His Stockton brethren paid the fine and returned to Stockton with their recreant brother.

Then the Rev. Spencer sent in his resignation, but it was not accepted. Instead a tribunal, consisting of pastors and delegates from the different churches in the Baptist Association of Chautauque county, was called together. The moderator was Rev. Dr. C. E. Smith, of Fredonia. Spencer was charged with intoxication, untruthfulness and licentiousness. He confessed to the first two charges, but proof was lacking of his guilt in regard to the last. He was expelled from his church and the ministry.

FROZEN AT THE BARN DOOR.

The details of the finding of the bodies of Farmer Frank Hopkins, aged sixty-five, and Emeline Whitney, aged seventy, victims of the late storm, which have been received from Putnam, are the worst yet reported in Eastern Connecticut. Both bodies were found near the barn, partially buried beneath the snow, where they had lain for a week. In the barn were also found three dead cows and two dead sheep, while the remaining cattle—six in number—were in a pitiable condition. They had not received a morsel of food for over a week and their bones protruded through the flesh. A lantern and a bunch of keys were found lying near the dead bodies, which had every appearance of being picked up by the blizzard as soon as they opened the door of the house and thrown to the spot where they were found.

The tea table was set in the house, the couple evidently intending to eat after they had done the chores. The woman's clothing, which was scant, showed that the brave dog, which lay exhausted beside the two, had endeavored to rescue her and take her to a place of safety. Workmen had shovelled a road through the highway near the house, but paid no attention to the lifeless appearance of the place and did not investigate. Not a sound was heard to proceed from the barn, the cattle being too weak.

HE GOT HIS MONEY.

Mr. Erastus H. Woodson Pockets the \$15,000 Recently Drawn by Him in the "L. S. L."

"Well, I got my money." The speaker was Mr. Erastus H. Woodson, the lucky young cooper of this city, who held a twentieth part of the ticket that drew the chief prize (\$300,000) at the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, and he had called in to tell the Virginian about receiving the money.

"I received it this morning through the Lynchburg National Bank," he continued, "and have the certificates of deposit in my pocket." He didn't seem to be in the least elated by his good fortune. He spoke of having a certificate for \$15,000 with the same nonchalance that a man would mention a check for \$15.

"You left it on deposit, then?" he was asked. "Yes. That is, I left \$12,000 at the Lynchburg National. I deposited the remaining \$3,000 in the Commercial Bank here in the VIRGINIAN building."

When asked as to his future plans, Mr. Woodson said that he had not decided on any definite course; he would leave the money in bank for the present. He and a friend, he said, were thinking of going into business in a small way, but his share in the enterprise would only require a few hundred dollars, and the probability was that he would leave the bulk of his money on deposit until he saw an opening to invest it to better advantage.

Mr. Woodson says that he is a stone cutter as well as a cooper, and having two good trades he is very well fortified against the vicissitudes of fortune, whatever may betide. He is a worthy young man of good character, and comfortably supports an aged father, to whom he seems much attached.—Lynchburg (Va.) Virginian, March 25.

"POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION.

The New York Clipper of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."

THAT FIGHT.

The Great Event
Viewed in the
Distance.

OPINIONS OF ALL SORTS

But Mitchell Generally
Considered the
Best Man.

HE FOUGHT SQUARE.

A man's opinion on an event which he may not have witnessed, such opinion being based simply on what he surmises or thinks about it after reading the usual newspaper reports, does not amount to anything as far as prize fighting is concerned. But the opinion of an eye-witness, especially one who is well versed in pugilism, who has witnessed, arranged and backed champions in a score of battles, must be accepted as that of a person able to judge, and his opinion, taking everything into consideration, must be accepted as supreme.

Every one who is posted on pugilism and its votaries knows John Gideon, whose name has figured as a backer of pugilists for over forty years. He was Tom Sayers' backer in nearly all the great pugilist's battles, and he backed Tom Sayers in his great international battle with John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, when the champions of the old and new worlds fought on April 17, 1880, on the historic field of Farnborough.

Gideon has been present at nearly every important battle fought in England, and we may now say France, since Greenfield and Smith, Knifton and Smith, Kilrain and Smith, and Mitchell and Sullivan met on the soil of La Belle France to decide their fist supremacy in the 24-foot ring.

After the Smith and Greenfield championship battle, Gideon pronounced Smith, the English champion, a second Tom Sayers, and his judgment was sound on the question, for Smith did display great form and tremendous hitting power.

After Jim Smith was matched to fight Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, Gideon said the result was a certain victory for Smith if the form displayed by the American at St. James Hall was the American champion's true form.

After the battle was begun and ten rounds fought, Gideon, at the ring side, said: "Why, this American is pounds a better man than Jack Heenan. He is the best two-handed fighter I ever saw. His tactics, generalship, and wrestling powers are wonderful. Why, it is 20 to 1 that he will win."

After the battle was ended by darkness Gideon said: "This Sullivan may be what the Americans claim a wonder, but if he can defeat this man Kilrain he is a phenomenon; yet I will never believe it after the way this American novice (Kilrain) stood up before Smith. I understand he never witnessed a prize fight, let alone fought, according to London prize ring rules, which makes him a wonder."

After Mitchell was matched to meet Sullivan, Gideon had never witnessed either fight, but having witnessed Tom Sayers whip Tipton Slasher, who weighed over fifty pounds heavier than Sayers, and also looked on at Jim Mace when he defeated the gigantic Sam Hurst, he refused to give any opinion except that if Sullivan had the same hitting and wrestling skill, coupled with the stamina, that Kilrain proved he possessed, that he (Sullivan), with the great difference in weight and height in his favor, should win, but that he would take the odds against Mitchell.

After the battle Gideon said: "Sullivan is not the general or prize ring champion many had supposed. I read the POLICE GAZETTE, the proprietor of which is Richard K. Fox, the backer of Jake Kilrain, the world's champion, and for years I have wondered if Sullivan was the great pugilist many claim, why Richard K. Fox was eager to match Kilrain for the world's championship; but judging from the fabulous sums he backed his champion with, he knew what he was doing."

In reference to the Sullivan-Mitchell fight, Gideon says: "Mitchell's tactics reminded me of the battle between Tom Sayers and the Tipton Slasher for the championship of England and \$400 on June 16, 1867, where Sayers ran about like an antelope, but with this difference in his favor—he mutilated the Slasher and received little or no punishment, and although scaling but 10 stone 10 pounds he whipped his adversary (16 stone) in eleven rounds, the time being 1 hour 42 minutes."

Mitchell had a perfect right to fight that way, and Sullivan, not knowing the rules and not being as great an athlete, had no show to whip Mitchell, and if the battle had been fought out Mitchell would have won, for he was by far the best man at the finish.

Charley Mitchell was recently tendered a big reception at the Cambridge Music Hall, London. He realized \$1,000, and secured a diamond ring from W. Riley, of Newmarket, and a diamond ring and other presents from Captain Drummond, who remarked that, according to the accounts of the recent battle in the newspapers, people would be led to believe that Mitchell made a running fight of it. Such was not the case, as Mitchell did nearly all the leading off throughout, and after the first half-hour had much the best of the encounter. Mr. Angle concluded by saying that his family ought to keep Charley out of the ring for ever.

HE DESERVES IT.

The New York Clipper of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."

Mitchell was undoubtedly at the top of the tree, and the gamest and most scientific fighter he ever saw. Charley responded to the toast of his health, and spoke in feeling terms of the kindness of the Hon. Michael Sandys, who lent his country residence to Mitchell during his training, and also cheered him on at the ring side. The Hon. Michael Sandys responded, and said all he had done he felt well paid for by the gallant manner in which Mitchell had acquitted himself, and would at any time be pleased to do as much again for him should he require his services. In responding to the toast of his health, the Hon. Hughie Drummond said the fight between Mitchell and Sullivan was the gamest exhibition of pluck since Waterloo, and may be said to have "eclipsed the gaiety" of the whole American continent. We are all proud to do honor to our little champion.

DECIDED OPINIONS OF ENGLISH SPORTING WRITERS.

ROBERT WATSON, England's champion sporting writer and referee, in writing about the Sullivan and Mitchell fight says: "When it is remembered that in the heyday of the prize ring men considered the giving away of a couple of pounds of weight to an opponent was incurring great risk, some idea can be formed of the relative chances of Mitchell and Sullivan, the latter being quite two stone the heavier. In addition, Sullivan's reputation as a hurricane fighter, endowed with marked cleverness and physically a giant by the side of Mitchell, reduced the latter's prospects materially in the eyes of the public; but Mitchell slyly hinted that the big fellow was not all that fancy painted him, and the time would come when this would be proved beyond all possible doubt. True it is that Sullivan has been written up by a certain section of faction mongers, therefore he cannot be held responsible for all the sickening nonsense which has appeared in print as to him being a 'fistic marvel.' We have repeatedly placed the matter before our readers in its true light, and pointed out the absurdity of the situation. That what we have advanced has now been conclusively proven cannot be fairly denied, so that we are justified, in answer to the adverse remarks passed, in once more calling attention to the subject. After the match was signed and sealed, even Mitchell's best friends considered he was giving too much weight away to have a fair chance, but Charley was always anxious to fight, and repeatedly said he knew more about Sullivan than most people, and that the big fellow was not by any means invincible. Again reference was made to the 24-foot ring, but surely this to a man of Sullivan's reputation was a very slight concession indeed—in fact, the latter's friends boasted with some show of reason that Mitchell could run about as much as he liked. Sullivan only wanted to get one good blow, and as this would take place very early in the fight, four rounds only would be required to dispose of the Englishman. The fight they said would be a farce, and they could not understand Mitchell having the impudence to make the match. But from the initial stride Mitchell was all confidence, and when he was taunted last Friday with wanting to get out of the match he boldly consented to fight the following morning, although he had choice of Monday, upon which he had fixed, and had made his arrangements accordingly. During the progress of the match the question has often been asked, 'Will Mitchell get into the ring?' and even bets were made that he would not, but at all these vain delusions Mitchell laughed heartily, and replied, 'They'll see whether I get into the ring or not. I want to fight, and was never more serious in my life.' In tossing for choice of battle ground, it will be remembered, Mitchell won, and elected to fight in France."

BYRON WILKINSON, the Dickens of the London press, in the *Sporting Life*, March 12, says: "It is conceivable that the American element—the toughs and people of that kind—will not object to the statement that Sullivan—the great, the invincible—was there. It may even be submitted with all humility that he was all there. He is such a great, such a stupendous, such an almighty man, that we may well be forgiven if in a description of him, some of the attributes of the vast, godlike creature are left out. It is impossible to deal with John L. Sullivan, the fistic marvel, in the ordinary manner. How any ordinary reporter should have dared to approach The Overwhelming Presence is a puzzle to me. Has he not said he was the great I Am? Did he not arrange long ago for the deportation of the corpse of the first man that ever dared to meet him? Is it not a fact that every American swears by his gods that one of them is John L. S.? Why, certainly. There never was a man who crossed the Atlantic with mightier intentions than this prodigious bruiser. He bestrode the narrow world of pugilism—like a Colossus. As to the arrest of some of the members of the press I say nothing. That will be dealt with elsewhere in this sheet. The fight? Concerning this there will be a multitude of opinions, but 'The Invincible Bubble is pricked.' This is no fighting man, but a showman. A good, a clever showman, if you like, but a showman. We do not make fighting men in this country of this fashion. It is alleged in the great—the prodigious, the stupendous, the invincible John, John L. Sullivan's favor that the cold and the rain affected him. Well, and why not? Battles have been fought in this country in the rain, the sleet, the snow. We reckon for this sort of thing. We look for an invincible hero like the magnificent Sullivan to rise superior to this. The answer is—he didn't. It is on record that John L. Sullivan had arranged to send Charley Mitchell's corpse to his widow. He didn't. It was a great fight in this way, for all the details of it, it served to let the light into what was perhaps the greatest and most ballooning imposture that was ever played upon the British public. Take it logically. Discuss the question in that way. The great—the invincible—John L. Sullivan undertook to thrash everybody, including, of course, Charley Mitchell, out of existence in four rounds. Why, the poor creature couldn't do it in three hours. Let that record go back to America. It is not enough to say that Charley Mitchell did not thrash Sullivan. Face the music. All the Americans were waiting with awe-struck countenances to see the corpse and the undertaker. They have seen neither. John L. Sullivan is alive, a discredited prize fighter, and let him go back to America the biggest impostor, in relation to what he had undertaken to do, of any man ever seen in this country. Exit Sullivan."

LATE PRESS COMMENTS.

San Francisco City Argus—"Sullivan's fight with Mitchell demonstrated beyond doubt that he was a better fighter with his mouth than with his hands."

Chicago Tribune—"What! John L. Sullivan, proclaimed by a Boston poet the greatest boxer—the man who defiantly offered to 'knock out' any living man in 12 minutes—fights more than three hours with a despised opponent, and then it is called a draw? Lower the flag to half mast. This is the saddest day since Jumbo died."

Canadian Sportsman—"There is wailing and lamentation in Boston. The 'Idol of the Hub' has been checked

in his victorious career: outgeneralled, which means outfought, by a man whom Sullivan swore to defeat in short order, if ever he got a chance. It is hard when the idol is shattered in a fall, but you can't sometimes always tell."

Cincinnati Enquirer—"Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who for two years past has maintained publicly and privately that Sullivan's best days were gone, said: 'It is just as I thought. Sullivan was over-confident and did not half train, while Mitchell never lost an opportunity to get himself in thorough condition.'"

"Do you think Sullivan is as good a man as he was five or six years ago?"
"Not by any means."

The *Sporting Life*, London, on March 14, four days after the Mitchell and Sullivan fight, printed the following: "Yesterday Sullivan arrived at Liverpool. He seemed to walk along with a certain amount of difficulty, and looked the picture of a dejected and downcast, not to say broken-hearted, man. Both of his hands were very much puffed up, and he held his left arm so stiffly that it seemed as if all was not right in that direction. His face was sallow, almost to blackness, both of his eyes were in mourning, and his lips swollen."

Liverpool Mercury—"Hundreds of men were led by the American's wonderful physique, grandiose air and boastful words to lay their money on Sullivan, who now look toward him through the small end of the telescope, and the fact is plain as the sun at noonday that he can never again hold his head up in London without the stimulation of gall in greater quantity than the ordinary Sullivan body can contain. It is a pity that it should be said, but it is the almost unanimous opinion among all classes that the American 'champion of champions' is now relegated to the ranks of ordinary 'pugs,' and must henceforth seek engagements not on his terms, but upon the terms stipulated of such men as may think it worth while to fight him."

San Francisco Chronicle—"John Lawrence Sullivan was looked upon as the most wonderful pugilist that ever lived. He was considered invincible, and was the ideal of all lovers of the manly art. That he should meet a man thirty pounds smaller in weight and do no better than make a draw is equivalent in their minds to a practical defeat. Other pugilists can retire from a ring with a drawn battle and not lose one iota of their fame. Sullivan, however, cannot afford to sink to the level of any one man in his business. Until Saturday last he carried everything before him. Everybody who met him in former contests were as pigmies in the hands of a giant. He showed pre-eminence above them all. It is no exaggeration to say that he was the king of all fighters, both of ancient and modern days. No one ever enjoyed the prestige of the Boston boy. His wonderful reputation has received a terrible blow by his miserable showing against Mitchell. In three hours he dropped from the highest pinnacle of fame enjoyed by a man of his calling to a level of other fighters. This tarnish on his great name was a big financial loss to the American. He can no longer show himself in ring attire on the stage and pull in barrels of shekels at the box office. As a drawing card for exhibition Sullivan will likely hereafter be a failure."

The *Pittsburg Press* publishes the following about Charley Mitchell: "A gentleman from Jamestown, N. Y., who is well acquainted with Charley Mitchell, the pugilist, related a rather interesting anecdote illustrative of Mitchell's quickness in action and actual nerve. During a considerable portion of last season Mitchell, his wife, and father-in-law, Pony Moore, spent the time at Chautauqua Lake, where they were great favorites with the society people, many of whom never dreamed that the handsome athlete Mr. Mitchell was none other than the famous English boxer and pugilist."

"On one occasion, in faultless attire, accompanied by his beautiful young wife, Mitchell was taking a stroll on the lakeside in front of his hotel, when a cry for help attracted his attention. The cry was uttered by Mrs. Gough, from Buffalo, N. Y., whose little girl had been precipitated into the water through the capsizing of a small boat, in which she had been paddling about the wharf. Jumping into one of the row boats lying near, Mitchell rapidly sculled to the spot where the child had been seen to disappear. In less time than it takes to tell the little one was rescued in a fainting condition and returned to its mother's arms."

"For a time Duke Charley was a regular lion, but he bore his honors easily and soon left the place as unostentatiously as he had arrived. While he had put himself in no actual danger by his manly act, yet to the crowd of anxious observers there was a semblance of heroism about it. Though positive in his manner, Mitchell was never obtrusive, and his quiet, gentlemanly manner won him hosts of friends, both male and female, while at the lake."

AN IMAGE OF THE "OLD BOY."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Nothing which has ever been published in Cleveland, O., has created half as much excitement as the alleged birth in that city of a diabolical monstrosity which has come to be generally termed "the devil kid." Envious newspapers have sought to belittle the case because they were "scooped," and some have even gone so far as to boldly declare that the story was a fabrication. The creature is so weird, so uncanny, that nobody can be blamed for doubting the possibility of the existence of so incredible a thing without having seen it. The nurse has been found who assisted at the birth, but she declines to reveal the name of the parents of this strange monstrosity.

FIGHTING OVER AN ACTRESS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The members of the Barry and Fay company playing a date at Havlin's Theatre, Cincinnati, were treated to a fight for blood between two members of the company the other night. The cause of the trouble is Miss Nellie Dover, one of the three "Lallas." For some time past it has been generally understood that she and Harry W. Wright, the duke of the play, have been lovers. J. Coulter Brinker took exception to Wright paying Miss Nellie attentions, and the result was a fistic encounter between the two actors, which took place a few nights ago under the stage after the performance. Wright knocked out his opponent.

OUR JAKE.

The New York Clipper of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."

IN A BURNING SHAFT.

Fatal Explosion in a Mine Near
Rich Hill, Mo.

TWENTY KILLED.

Sixteen Miners Entombed and
More Deaths Probable.

RESURRECTING THE DEAD AND DYING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Rich Hill, Mo., dated Mar. 30, says: The explosion yesterday in mine No. 6, at a point four miles from this city, was very disastrous. There are now known to have been at least twenty killed. Only five of the bodies have been recovered. There were more than forty men injured, ten of them fatally.

Great crowds of people from the surrounding country have gathered at the mines. The work of getting out the bodies of those imprisoned below progresses very slowly. When the explosion occurred all the doors were blown down, and in order to make perfect ventilation the workmen are compelled to construct new ones.

There are sixteen men in the mine. They are in what is known as the west entry, a point further away from the shaft. It will be two or three days before the bodies can be reached. There is no possibility of them being alive. The majority of those in the mines are married men and leave large families. Some of them are colored, but they are mostly whites. There were nearly one hundred men employed altogether in this shaft, but at the time of the explosion many of them had gone to dinner.

In all probability there will result at least thirty deaths. A great many physicians are on hand and are doing all in their power for the injured. Thirteen coffins were sent out from Rich Hill this morning. Mine No. 6 is four miles from Rich Hill and is practically isolated from telegraphic communication. One woman, whose husband is still in the mine, dropped senseless at the news, and has not yet recovered consciousness.

State Mine Inspector Wolf is universally condemned by practical miners. On March 6 he pronounced this mine safe. The cause of the explosion was the accumulation of foul gases, without proper ventilation.

It was at seven minutes past twelve, as the miners were ascending the south shaft to change shifts, when the explosion occurred, and the time of the accident was just when there were the fewest men in the mine. The mine is 247 feet deep and the vein is 5 feet 2 inches thick. When the first explosion occurred Superintendent Sweeney immediately repaired to the scene and called for volunteers to aid in the rescue of the imprisoned men, as there were supposed to be still one hundred men in the mine. Sweeney, with four others, descended the north shaft, and when they reached the bottom they succeeded in rescuing one man named Gray, who was badly bruised and burned.

Just as they had placed him in the cage another explosion occurred, which was followed by a sheet of flame that ascended to the top of the shaft and scarred and blackened the rescuers. After what seemed to be a period in hell to these brave men they were drawn to the top of the shaft and presented a sight that was distressing in the extreme. Their bruised and blackened bodies had the appearance of having passed through a fiery furnace. While Superintendent Sweeney was so badly injured that he could not stand, he insisted on superintending the work of rescue until the arrival of Superintendent Reavey, of the Rich Hill Mining Company, who soon took charge of the work and sent Sweeney home. By two A. M., fifteen men had been taken from the mine, fourteen of whom were alive. All were severely burned except one, Frank Carr, the foreman of the mine.

The names of the dead and injured so far identified are: Charles Smith, George May, C. McPherson, Frank Toller and Jordan Smith.

The injured are Joshua Strickle, C. J. Neptune, William Taylor, C. W. Young, R. Mason, Frank Jackson, W. Richards, J. L. Williams, R. Fernando, John Roberts, C. W. Roberts, Arch Marshall, John Lucas and D. C. Jones.

All night long the work was continued, the rescuing party being aware all the time that an explosion more awful than the one which had occurred was liable to take place at any moment, as 400 kegs of powder were stored in the magazines of the mines, and the fire, which had started from the gas explosions, was rapidly making its way toward the powder room.

Hundreds of people flocked to the scene this morning, and there was no lack of volunteers who were willing to risk death in the endeavor to recover the bodies of the dead and bring back to earth those in whom life was not yet extinct. Special trains were run to the mine by the Kansas City newspapers and business for miles around was suspended.

The mine is owned by Keith & Perry, and is one of the most productive in the State. Natural gas has been troubling this shaft for some time, and it is supposed that the opening of a new vein caused the disaster. The mines were regarded by engineers as model coal mines, but nearly all the accidents that have occurred at Rich Hill have been in No. 6, and the miners had become superstitious in regard to it. It has been in operation for seven months, and had been examined by Mine Inspector Wolfe about two months ago, who then pronounced it to be perfectly safe. It was said to be supplied with all modern appliances, the Lancaster fan being used in both shafts.

TO NERVOUS MEN.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

ADVERTISERS, ATTENTION.

E. E. McElfresh & Co., Novelty Dealers, Carrollton, Mo., say the POLICE GAZETTE gave four times the satisfaction of the other mediums that they tried.



TWENTY BRAVE MINERS KILLED
A HORRIBLE EXPLOSION IN KEITH & PERRY'S MINE NEAR RICH HILL, MISSOURI



S KILLED IN A BURNING SHAFT.

LL, MISSOURI.--TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF THE ENTOMBED MEN.--TO THE RESCUE.

PUGILISTIC.

Who is to be the Light-weight Champion of America?

"BILLY" DACEY'S CHALLENGE.

Mitchell has challenged Sullivan to fight for \$5,000 a side in a 16-foot ring.

Jack Bates, the feather-weight, of Youngstown, O., is very anxious to meet Jack Havelin for a purse. What a picnic for Havelin!

How the mighty are fallen. Who is this man Sullivan the papers are mentioning? Wasn't he formerly a resident of this country?—*Old City Herald*.

Jerry Casey, the South Boston oarsman, has posted \$100 to back a challenge to Pat Dempsey of Philadelphia to row a two or three mile race for from \$250 to \$500 a side.

It is reported that a match has been arranged between Jim Fell and George La Blanche for \$1,000 a side, the fight to take place about May 15, within 150 miles of Detroit.

A prize fight took place on March 27 near New Freedom, Pa., between James Keenan and Joseph Williams, both of Baltimore, Md. Williams was knocked out in the 4th round.

William Sims and Henry Johnson, two colored boxers, fought near Brinton, Pa., on March 28. They fought 18 rounds with bare knuckles. In the 18th round Sims was completely knocked out.

The true reason of Cardiff's refusal to fight Killen has just leaked out. He is about to marry Miss Hall, a music teacher, and it was at her request that he is at present refraining from meeting any one.

Another claimant has appeared for the English middle-weight championship in the person of Tom Lees, of Australia, and he has challenged Toff Wall, Bill Goode, Jack Hickey and Mike Jeannett for that title.

James Golden, better known as "Sparrow" Golden, called at this office on March 28, and requested that we publish the fact that he is not the party who is charged with burglary at Harry Hill's, and who gave his name as Sparrow Golden.

Jack McAuliffe, the champion light-weight, appeared last week at the Columbia Theatre, in Cleveland, where he nightly spars with Murphy. He is matched to meet Billy Myers, the Western champion, between June 20 and 25, at either St. Louis or St. Paul, Ill., for \$2,500 a side.

The great glove fight at New Zealand between Dick Matthews, of San Francisco, and Jack Loring, of Wanganui, was decided on Jan. 23. The fight was for the gate money and the championship of New Zealand. Loring struck his opponent on the jaw in the second round, and after that the champion was never in it, succumbing in the fourth round.

Jack Hopper, who fought Billy Lurkey, Western Jack Dempsey, on March 6 at Hoboken, N. J., and broke his arm and was defeated by Lurkey in 16 rounds, Queensberry rules, will be tendered a benefit at Hudson Hall, 20 Hudson street, Hoboken, on April 11. Jack Lyman, of Boston, and Billy Murray are to box 10 rounds, and there will be other attractions.

Patsy Hogan, the ex-champion of the Pacific Coast, says Joe McAuliffe, the Pacific Coast champion of heavyweights, is outside of Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan, the greatest pugilist in the world, and no matter who he meets in the ring, with or without gloves, they will know they have been fighting; for it is only a matter of time for McAuliffe to be the champion of America.

The "Sporting Life," London, says: "The New York newspaper reporters considered one round enough to enable J. L. to wipe the floor with his opponent; while the pessimistic New York Sun was coarsely that a single punch of his good right hand would settle Charley." These journals will now have an opportunity of climbing down gracefully, and if there are any leaks in the neighborhood they can make a hearty meal thereof."

At the Grand theatre, in Brooklyn, E. D., on March 28, Wm. Muldoon to see how soon he could down Jack Carkeek in Greco-Roman style. The arrangement was that for every minute over five that Carkeek kept his shoulders from the ground he was to receive \$2, and if he succeeded in downing Muldoon he was to collect \$100. Muldoon won the match in 13 minutes. Carkeek collected \$16 for the 8 minutes that he was not on the floor and was happy.

George Godfrey, the colored heavy-weight champion, says he has found \$1,500 backing for a fight with any man in the world. Godfrey thinks he can whip Sullivan. He says: "I don't see what Sullivan ever did to warrant the hullabaloo made about him. Kilrain is a good one, but he has done nothing that makes him look very big in my eyes. When recently a purse of \$1,000 was offered for a fight between Dempsey and me, Dempsey held off for \$1,500. Well, now's his chance."

At Perry, Ind., on March 29, there was a terrific glove fight between Danny Needham of St. Louis, who recently defeated Connolly of Boston, and John McCracken of Peru, a boxer, of considerable skill and pluck. The men fought thirty desperate rounds, when the police interfered and stopped it. McCracken made a game fight, but he was overmatched, and toward the close he was a little less than a chopping block for Needham. It is feared that the Peru man is severely injured.

The following are Macdon's ideas of Sullivan since his downfall published in the *Evening Sun*: "Sullivan's day has gone by, and it was the knowledge of this fact that kept Pat Sheedy from backing John against Kilrain in this country. To-day John is sad and broken hearted, and he will never be the attraction that he was. Sullivan's meeting with Mitchell completely wrecked his reputation as a fighter. The charm of invincibility that was supposed to environ him like an ægis has been broken and it is seen that the world of the fist is but clay after all."

The "Sporting Life" (Sydney), Feb. 11, says: Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, has issued a challenge to the effect that he is anxious to back Kilrain against John L. Sullivan, to fight in the United States or Mexico in six months, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for the championship of the world, Mr. Fox to stake \$15,000 against \$10,000 on Kilrain. Kilrain is willing to meet Sullivan, but will not allow his backer to lay odds on him. In the course of a conversation which took place over this affair, Mitchell said he never could get Sullivan to fight him in America, and that he (Mitchell) fought him when he only weighed 12 stone 3 pounds to Sullivan's 14 stone. Mitchell says he felled J. L. with a square knock-down blow and felled him all over the ring, and would have beaten him sure had not the police stepped in and spoiled the business."

Jack Burke, and Larry Foley, the ex-champion of Australia, met with mittens at Sydney, N. S. W., on January 23. The first and second rounds were very mild. In the third round there was something like a show of business, as after clinching at the finish of a pretty smart rally Burke pushed Foley down, but before the end of the three minutes the audience manifested their disapproval of the mastery inactivity of the competitors. The same tactics were pursued throughout the next three rounds, when it would be an insult to the intelligence of our readers to attempt to describe. It was evident that such a thing

EVERY CRITIC ADMITS.

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as a knock out was undesired by the principals, the time was badly kept, and amid the jeers and yells of the disappointed spectators the memorable match between Burke and Foley was brought to an inglorious conclusion, many of their patrons having previously left the ground in disgust.

The "Turf, Field and Farm" says: "The recent prize fight between Mitchell and Sullivan has taught us afresh that physical vigor cannot be preserved by burning the candle at both ends. After years of dissipation, Sullivan pretended to reform, and then we were told that he was as good a man as he ever was. The student of physiology knew better. A man cannot trifle with his body. Every time he roughly destroys the harmonious beatings of the machine he weakens some part of the machinery. Sullivan thought he was above ordinances. He abused his system in every way, and laughed at those who tried to persuade him that the tax was more than he could stand. A few days ago in France the crucial test was made, and the once invincible athlete was covered with mortification, was revealed to his admirers as a blind and bound Samson. The moral is that men who would retain their physical or mental powers must lead regular lives. If they indulge to excess, the shadow of decay will early fall upon them."

The N. Y. "Daily News" on March 27 said, under caption of "E. C. Holske's Tentacles": "For a year past more or less ill-feeling has existed between Jake Kilrain and Jack Ashton, and now it looks as though these warring will do battle on American soil before many months pass. They met in London the other night when, through Phillips, they settled for a time their differences and shook hands. Ashton asked for a match, and in response Kilrain said: 'If you get back home ahead of me post a forfeit and I'll cover it and make a match; should I return I'll post a deposit for you to cover, and we will fight for the amount you name.' This Jack agreed to do, and they shook hands over it. The sporting fraternity know that Ed Holske is a persistent fabricator. He is the man who, for the past three months, has been writing that Sullivan said this and Sullivan said that and he made the Boston champion a braggart. There is no money now in Sullivan, so Holske will drop him and fasten on to Ashton or any one whom he may snare. It is safe to say that what he says about Kilrain is false."

Macon, in the New York "Sun," March 27: "John L. Sullivan during the past week has dropped out of sight as completely as though he was not on top of terra firma. The old maxim that no news is good news is accepted as true in this case by his friends, many of whom feared that his reverse with Mitchell would drive him to drink, in which event they were sure they would hear of him. They interpret the silence of the cable as indicating that he is going about his business quietly, and is not over indulging in alcoholic beverages. It is said that the Pelican Club, of London, is endeavoring to bring about a meeting before it of Jim Smith and the big fellow. If John's arm is well he ought to welcome such a meeting eagerly. Smith's well-known bull dog determination and pluck would lead him to fight with Sullivan rather than to pursue the Fabian tactics which Mitchell found so serviceable, and his chances of doing the champion of England under the circumstances would seem to be good. At all events, such a meeting would settle once and for all the question whether or not John L. has gone back irretrievably in form."

Robert Turnbull, in the New York "World," March 26, writes as follows: "Several sporting men looked over a letter from a prominent English sporting man, who was present at the recent Mitchell banquet, to a well-known friend of Billy Edwards's. It was dated Liverpool, March 14, and part of it said: 'The big braggart is now lying in bed with bunged eyes, lips like a blizzard's and bunged all over, and while the little man, thirty-seven pounds lighter and two inches shorter, is knocking around as lively as a cricket.' The new light coming in every day on the last heavy-weight prize fight in France is not at all favorable to the big fellow. A prominent professional athlete told Al Smith the other day that he saw Sullivan at Windsor, and he did not like and could not stand training. Kilrain is looked on as the real champion. Two Americans, just returned from a flying trip across, said in the Hoffman last night: 'It is public property in London that Sullivan had to pay \$270, or about \$1,500, to have the battle declared a draw. If this is the case, it is the second instance to my knowledge of a bargain being made in a ring to terminate a battle. The other case was different though.'"

In reference to Sullivan, Charley Mitchell says: "A few words about my first contest with John L. might be interesting. It took place in Madison Square Garden in May, 1883. It was no fight, as there was no referee, and the allegation made in the circular distributed around by Sullivan, in which he has me amongst his many victims as a beaten man at that time, is entirely false. It is only his statement, and, of course, I might have similar circulars printed. Ever since that contest he has avoided me. On one occasion—in June, 1885—when we were to have met in Madison Square Garden, he appeared on the stage and said he was not well enough to fight me, and disappointed at least 10,000 people who had paid for admission to see the fight. He has got out of two other matches with me, but I have never let him rest; and the sequel shows that my judgment was not very far wrong. People, and especially his American admirers, will say he is not the Sullivan of old, but if they will look up his record they will find only one other bare knuckle fight to his credit—that with Paddy Ryan—who has been beaten by every one he has met. The fight is the only fair trial Sullivan has ever had. It is well known that he was fighting for his life, as he had three months' training and had not tasted liquor for at least five months—so he was as fit as a man could possibly be."

The New York "World," April 1, publishes the following, under a headline of "Sullivan a laughing stock in London": "Every cab-driver in London has suddenly awakened to the feeling that he would like a shy at the Boston man. Ashton has sailed. Phillips and Barnett said on the *Extrior* to-day, John L. remains on the scene of his former glories. When first he came to England and was reverentially spoken of as the little marvel, the prize ring peer, slugging Samson, and other complimentary sobriquets, the big fellow from Boston invested in a blank book and paste brush, that coming Sullivan might know the greatness of their progenitor; but now one sporting paper speaks of him as a 'sublime bluffer,' another as a 'silly speech-maker' and 'the slow slogger.' So John L. no longer wields the shears. He ignores the press, and his paste brush lies idle. The big fellow is broken-hearted. While the reason for his discomfort is clear to sporting men, he knows better than to say to any one else that his defeat at Chantilly has cost him half this prestige and curtailed his money-making capacity two-thirds, and everybody is kicking the under dog. To add humiliation to already sore discomfiture, Taormina, a native of Bohemia, alleged to be the strongest man in the world, arrived in London Monday, and through the sporting papers offers to spank John Lawrence Sullivan across his knees for the moderate recompense of 25. Mitchell wears, in the estimation of the public here, the Olympian winner's myrtle and parsley bunch, but, I hear, not living ignorant of wine. Pony Moore telegraphs that Dempsey's challenge has not arrived yet."

The New York "Daily News" publishes the following: "It is an open question as to who is the light-weight champion of America. John McAuliffe of New York, Mike Daly of Boston and Billy Myers of St. Paul all claim the title. In spite of these claimants for the place among the light-weights, Billy Dacey of New York, who has time and again challenged Daly and McAuliffe, and backed up his claim with money, also puts in his claim, and states that he has always been ready to ratify a match with any of the above light-weights at 133 pounds, for \$4,000 a side and the Richard K. Fox diamond belt. Dacey's backer has issued the following challenge:

SIR: I read an article in Thursday's *News* wherein it was stated that Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myers, who are matched to meet in the ring in May, desire Richard K. Fox to put up the diamond belt representing the light-weight championship of America for them to contend for. Now, I should like to know what right McAuliffe or Myers have to contend for a trophy which represents the championship when neither are champions nor will arrange a match with me. I have had my money up and agreed to meet any light-weight in America for \$1,000 and the belt; and though Myers, McAuliffe and Daly all claim to be champion light-weights, it is a matter of record that neither of the trio will meet me. I have posted \$100 forfeit and stand ready to meet any of them at 133 pounds (the light-weight limit) for \$1,000 a side and the belt and light-weight championship of America. If this challenge is not accepted I shall claim the belt and the championship, and shall stand ready to defend it, according to the rules, against all comers, barring no one.

BILLY DACEY.

SPORTING.

Proposed Honors to Jimmy McLaughlin, the Champion Jockey.

A 24-HOUR PEDESTRIAN CONTEST.

Jack Dempsey has opened his cafe and billiard parlors at Nos. 293 and 294 Front street, New York.

Pittsburghers are trying to get on a billiard and pool tourney with Schaefer, Slosson, Sexton and Daly as contestants.

George E. Johnston of New Platz, N. Y., has purchased of Wm. E. Bartlett the yearling bay colt by Barcelow, dam Chosrose, recently for \$5,000.

The fine steam yacht *Susquehanna*, owned by Col. Whitney, of New York, and which has been in Jacksonville for several weeks, is homeward bound.

J. H. Goldsmith, of Washingtonville, N. Y., sold his bay mare Misty Morning, record 2:21, by Marksman, for \$5,300 to Antonio Terry, the rich Cuban planter.

P. H. Pulver of Glen Falls, N. Y., offers to match the black gelding Jingo against any trotter in the world for \$1,000 a side, the race to be mile heats, best three in five in harness.

Joe Coburn's benefit takes place at Parepa Hall on April 9. Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers will spar, Muller and Roeder will wrestle, and Jack Dempsey and Joe Coburn will wind up.

Capt. Bob Cook, of Yale fame, says that Harvard has adopted the English stroke, and will prove a dangerous rival for Yale next June unless the crew takes long practice and gets right down to hard work.

E. D. Irvin and H. Brown skated ten miles at Montreal on March 19. Irvin won. The time by miles was: 1st, 3:56; 2d, 7:33; 3d, 11:09; 4th, 14:51; 5th, 18:35; 6th, 22:23; 7th, 26:12½; 8th, 30:14½; 9th, 34:06; 10th, 38 minutes.

The chase to select the winner of the Brooklyn handicap, Kentucky Derby and the Suburban has commenced. Every one has their choice and many know the winner, although one-third of the horses announced to start may not do so.

P. T. Barnum has written to George Dugdale Turner, asking him to make a contract to show three first-class professional sprinters during the road season of 1888 in foot races of 100 to 300 yards. Barnum names Bethune, Johnson and White.

George W. Atkinson cabled that there is no truth in Holske's statement that Jack Ashton has challenged Jake Kilrain. When Kilrain arranges a match it will be to defend the champion diamond belt, representing the championship of the world.

Piper, the famous Philadelphia fighting dog, has been backed in a contest with the famous fighting dog Maller, at 28½ pounds, according to the new dog fighting rules, for \$2,000 a side, to take place in six weeks, within one hundred miles of Philadelphia.

D. B. Herrington, the manager of the Hudson River Driving Park, Poughkeepsie, has a number of splendid fast trotters in hand for the trotting campaign. Emma B. record 2:22, owned by Richard K. Fox, is also under the care of the well-known horseman.

John F. Scholes, the champion general athlete of Canada, and boniface of the Athletic Club, 185 Yonge street, Toronto, is doing a splendid business. Scholes is the headquarters of the Canadian sporting fraternity and it is needless to say Scholes is very popular.

Joe Lannon, the heavy-weight pugilist, who was defeated by Jake Kilrain and who recently made such a show with the supposed invincible Jim Fell, may now, with the temporary retirement of Patsy Cardiff, be looked upon as one of the best heavy-weights in this country.

A bowling match took place on March 31, in this city, between five men, each from the Hilary and Lennox clubs. It was an exciting and close game, and the Hilarys won with a score of 1,411 points against the Lennox's 1,401. The Hilary's captain was Billy Olliver, and O. H. Kerker was referee.

The second annual tournament for the amateur billiard championship of the United States, under the auspices of the Racquet Court Club, will be held May 14. The game is to be three-ball French carroms, on a 5x10 table, 300 points up, except in a case of a tie, when the decisive game shall be 500 points.

John W. Gerlach, of Troy, N. Y., who is backing Hugh Leonard, of Belfast, N. Y., to wrestle Dennis Gallagher, of Buffalo, for a stake of \$250, announces that the match will be contested on the evening of Wednesday, April 11, in Buffalo, catch-as-catch-can, best three out of five falls, "Police Gazette" rules.

George W. Rife, of the Monumental theatre, Baltimore, who is managing the great six-day go-as-you-please race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, at Baltimore in May, was in this city last week. He says James Albert will manage the race, and he expects Rowell will enter.

The American team of bicyclists that sailed on the Spain for Liverpool on March 29 includes T. W. Eck, W. C. Crist, S. G. Whittaker, L. J. Barber, W. F. Knapp, H. G. Crocker and Frank Dole. Crist and Barber are amateurs. As previously announced, the team will compete at all the important bicycle meetings in Europe.

Ed Corrigan, Dan Honig, Labold Brothers and George Hankins are thinking of forming a new racing circuit, to take in New Orleans the first two weeks in April, Nashville ten days, Latonia three weeks, St. Louis two weeks, Kansas City ten days, Chicago two months or longer, then a return circuit, winding up with a winter meeting at New Orleans.

The fight between Mike Cushing, of Brooklyn, and Austin Gibbons, of Paterson, which was to have come off at Paterson, N. J., on March 27, did not take place owing to the absence of Cushing. The New York contingent of sports did not want to lose their fun and so matched James Lehey against Gibbons. After six hotly contested rounds Gibbons was declared the winner.

The wrangle between Mike Daly, of the Hub, and Jimmy Carroll, of Holyoke, has accidentally resulted in the signing of articles for a glove contest under Blanchard's revised fair play rules, to a finish, the event to transpire within five weeks from March 23, the battle ground to be selected within 50 miles of Boston, and each contestant to weigh not more than 133 pounds. The stake named is \$500 a side, with added purse of \$1,000 and privilege of increasing main stake to \$1,000 a side; also the light-weight championship of America. Winner to take all.

We are informed that Jim Fell and George Le Blanche have been offered \$1,000 each to fight in a bull ring in Paso del Norte, Mexico, guaranteeing them full protection from the law, if they have such a thing down there. Those two worthies can do nothing better than go down there. The expense would be very light, and even the loser would have more money than he is able to make here in six months. The town is across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas, and in case of trouble they could hide themselves across to America's soil. If the Greasers take kindly to our bruisers, and their style of doing things, it

KILRAIN IS CHAMPION.

The New York "Clipper" of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."

may open up a new industry to some of the thrifty sports. It may become common after a while to hear of Frank Stevenson shipping a cargo of prize fighters to Mexico for a series of battles before the grandees.

A very interesting exhibition of pictures was given by Prof. H. J. Campbell in the chapel of the work-house on Blackwell's Island on Tuesday evening, March 27. The subject illustrated was "A Voyage Around the World," showing interesting scenes in the different countries and portraits of celebrated men. The pictures of Parnell, Gladstone, and other statesmen were presented; also, portraits of Kilrain, Mitchell, Smith, R. K. Fox, and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which were all received with rapturous applause. The entertainment was highly appreciated by the one thousand prisoners present. We think the *Tableaux Solenn* the best entertainment going.

Arrangements were made at the "Police Gazette" office recently by Messrs. Charles F. Dempsey and H. W. Doherty for a 24-hour go-as-you-please race, to be held at the Coliseum Rink, 107th street and Lexington avenue, this city, on April 14 and 15. The race is open to all pedestrians in the United States and Canada, and the contest will be for the twenty-four hour go-as-you-please championship of America. Fifty per cent. of the gate money will be divided among the first three successful pedestrians, twenty-five per cent. to the first; fifteen per cent. to second, and ten per cent. to the third. The entrance fee is \$10, and entries to be made to James Hanley, corner Sixty-seventh street and Third avenue, and at the POLICE GAZETTE office. William E. Harding has been selected referee, and Edward Plummer will have charge of the scoring. John Hughes, D. J. Herty and a number of other noted 24-hour champions will enter the race. Entries close April 11.

The London "Sportsman," in regard to the Kilrain-Smith fight, says: "The general impression in England was that the fight would not last long, and this may easily be imagined when one thinks of the odds that were laid on Smith. To everyone's surprise, however, Kilrain administered a tremendous smack on the Englishman's ear in the fourth round which nearly settled him, and ever after this he fought with the greatest determination, and frequently threw his adversary heavily. Still Smith stood up like a gladiator, and taking his punishment as if he was there for nothing else, he seemed to get better rather than otherwise. When the report went forth in town during the evening that the fight had lasted over two hours and a half, and that 106 rounds had been fought, no one could hardly believe it, but such was the case, and it is a remarkable coincidence that the international fight between Heenan and Tom Sayers over twenty seven years ago, also terminated without any definite result being arrived at."

Professor William Miller, the well-known athlete, says in regard to the Sullivan and Mitchell fight: "The result proves that Sullivan is an overrated man, although I do not think his reputation will suffer as some persons think. Under Marquis of Queensberry rules Sullivan can easily dispose of Mitchell. These rules, however, were made for sparing only. The latest rules for prize fighting are London rules. Another match between Sullivan and Mitchell under the same rules would probably have the same result. I am of the opinion that Kilrain is the best man in the world according to London rules. Sullivan has been badly managed abroad. He should never have been allowed to meet Mitchell, because he had everything to lose and nothing to gain. In a match between Mitchell and Dempsey the former would have the advantage, because of his superior weight. Should Kilrain, who is now the champion, be challenged upon his return to America by Joe Lannon, he will be obliged to meet him, unless he has another match on hand, notwithstanding the fact that he easily defeated him a few months ago."

The "Sportsman," Melbourne, Feb. 18, says: "The gallant Jim and the redoubtable Jake have reaped the reward of their pluck. Mr. R. K. Fox, of the New York POLICE GAZETTE, Kilrain's backer, has presented the spirited and courageous American with the whole of his stake, and Jim Smith's backers, not to be outdone, have presented the English champion with the stake money. On Wednesday Jake, accompanied by his guide, philosopher and friend, Charley Mitchell, and in the presence of William E. Harding, received the final instalment of £1,200. This amount, by the way, is considerably more than J. L. Sullivan received when he beat Paddy Ryan for the championship of America. Kilrain was in excellent spirits, and his dry, quaint remarks on things in general proved that 'he knew his way about.' An adjournment was subsequently made to Anderson's Hotel, London, where the sparkling vintage of the grape was poured forth in large libations. Both Mitchell and Kilrain, who were looking extremely fit, drove off in Charley's well-appointed vehicle, amidst the acclamations of a large and enthusiastic crowd. So ended the last episode of the great international fight for the championship of the world."

On March 31 Paddy Lee and Hanley fought seven lively rounds, with gloves, for a purse of \$150 in a barn at Yorkers. Hanley scaled 145 and Lee 155 pounds. The former was seconded by his brother John and the latter by Ed. White. About 150 sports were present. At the call of time for the first round both men rushed savagely at each other. Hanley worked on the face with both hands and Lee paid attention to the body. Lee was felled twice and Hanley once during the round. Lee cut out the work in the second round and got well home on the face with the left. Hanley retaliated with a good right on the ribs, and jumped away from a wicked uppercut. Fast fighting at close quarters, slightly in favor of Hanley, when time was called. The third round was a tame one. Hanley forced the fighting, but Lee kept out of danger. In the fourth round Lee led well on the mouth with the left, but caught a hard one on the stomach. A sharp rally followed, with honors even, to the call of time. The fifth round was a hard one. Lee led and got heavily on Hanley's left eye. The latter retaliated with a right crusher on the ribs. Careful sparring and rapid right and left countering finished the round. In the sixth round Lee appeared to grow weak, and fought mainly on the defensive. Hanley pressed him all over the ring, and rained blow after blow with left and right on face and body. Lee looked badly used up. Hanley came up fresh in the seventh and last round, while Lee could scarcely stand on his legs. Hanley went in to finish his man, and lunging his left with force on the mouth, followed it with his right. Lee went down insensible, and did not regain consciousness for fully a quarter of an hour.

The "Police Gazette" diamond whip, which represents the Jockey championship of America, and was offered by Richard K. Fox for the jockey who should win the most mounts during 1887-8, was won during the season of 1887 by Jimmy McLaughlin, the famous jockey, who rides for the Dwyer Bros.' racing stable.

This unique and beautiful trophy will be presented to McLaughlin next Sunday evening, April 8, at the Star theatre. Tony Pastor, the popular theatrical manager, will be master of ceremonies. He will be assisted by a number of first class professional artists, and a grand performance may be expected. Consulador Abo Hummel, the Clergo of the legal profession and a great admirer of America's champion jockey, will make the presentation speech in behalf of Richard K. Fox, the donor of the trophy.

It is expected that the thousands of admirers of McLaughlin will turn out en masse to witness him receive the jockey championship emblem.

The champion diamond whip is 3 feet long, 3 inches in diameter, and is made out of solid gold and silver. On the handle of the whip is a solid gold fox head, with diamond eyes fastened into a big horseshoe made of solid gold. On one side of the horseshoe is a portrait of Jimmy McLaughlin, and on the reverse side is a portrait of the donor.

Both sides of the horseshoe, which is nearly two inches long and one inch wide, are studded with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. In the centre of the whip is a miniature rare course of solid gold, on which are raised horses and jockeys, also in solid gold. Precious stones and brilliant ornaments the end of the whip from which projects a red and blue sash, emblematic of the Dwyer Bros.' racing colors, which McLaughlin has so often sported first past the wire."

On top of the whip, set in solid gold block letters, is the inscription: "The Richard K. Fox Diamond Whip, Representing the Jockey Championship of America." The whip cost over \$1,000, and it is the most valuable trophy ever offered for competition in this country or ever in England.

READ important announcement of the book, "Why Priests Should Wed," in publications column.

REFEREE.

Proposed Matrimonial
Venture of Patsy
Cardiff.

WHAT PAT KILLEN SAYS ABOUT IT.

Jockey clubs of the world are all outranked in age by the English Jockey Club. Of its early organization some interesting facts are related. What year the Jockey Club sprang into being is not definitely known, but it is certain that between 1150 and 1160 a few noblemen and gentlemen, many of whom rode their own horses and were their own jockeys, banded themselves together to form the club which now occupies and has for a long period occupied a large and distinguished place in the social life of England.

Though the objects of the club were from its institution clearly defined, there appears to have been no particular qualification imposed as a condition of membership, except that there may be quoted in contravention of the original title to enrollment on the jockey club books—that none but members with boots and spurs be admitted.

The average strength of the club of late years has been about one hundred members, all told, but though this is nominally the strength of the club for legislative purposes considerable deductions must be made, as in this total are comprised the honorary members, who have no right of voting at the different meetings.

It has often been said that the turf owes much more to Parliament than to the Jockey Club, and this is true; but attempts to popularize the turf council and extend its bases have hitherto failed, and perhaps it is for the best interests of the turf that it should remain in constitution what it has always been.

Setting is essential to the support of the pastime to which it is indissolubly united. In fact, it is the phosphate which not only stimulates the growth of the turf, but saves it from decay. The public attend race meetings for the purpose of betting, and it is their money which provides stakes that enable owners to maintain their establishments, or which at least inspire them with the hope that lives on to the close.

Often, I must admit, this is a delusive hope, but still it is through its influence that the institution of racing exists. The bookmaker is, then, a necessary factor in the preservation of this system, and as he has to live by the proceeds of his labor he must be enabled to regulate his book on a basis which should ensure a profit on his transactions.

So long as his profit is secured by legitimate means the system is desirable, but it is deserving of the severest censure when indirect measures are resorted to. That the spirit of avarice creates these measures I have no doubt, but this applies to trade and business as well as to racing, and the bookmaker who brings about the defeat of particular horses has his prototypes in the counting house, on the Stock Exchange and in the lawyer's office. In the latter departments—those of commerce and the professions—the law of the land exercises a controlling influence, and in the former where perhaps this law is not directly applicable, the by-laws of the turf should be exercised with an especial stringency.

The list of quotations published daily is comparatively a limited one, while the amount of money in the market is hardly indicative of a pronounced preference for any of the candidates mentioned in that list. This inactivity is, I presume, traceable in the first place to the modern custom of keeping back investments until as near the day of the race as possible, a custom which applies not only to the Suburban and Brooklyn Handicap, but to all sporting events.

Probably this is a change for the better, as it narrows the area of that milking process which was so painfully familiarized to backers in the olden times. On the other hand, prices are also shortened, but the genuineness of market operations under the present system more than counterbalances the apparent disadvantages attaching to the acceptance of a short rate of odds.

Formerly a backer would be most willingly accommodated with a very flattering price about the animal he fancied for an important handicap, provided the horse selected was not marked dangerous in the bookmaker's private diary. Hopes of winning an immense stake under this arrangement were kept buoyant for a while by the presence of that horse's name in the quotations, but the sudden transference of that name to another list—that of scratches—was generally the end of these splendid dreams of untold wealth.

At the time to which I am alluding some horses were regularly entered in handicaps with the sole object of producing a small but certain income to a dishonest coterie, and public backers were the agents from whom this income was collected.

I have remembrances of the pernicious working of this system, and I can assure backers of the present day that they have no cause to regret its extinction. During that portion of the long odds' era which I remember I have seen pages of a bookmaker's list filled with names of horses that, according to the current price list, had a very genuine aspect, but when the day of the race arrived these names were "words, words, words," which bore no possible application to the event in question.

Probably not a runner remained out of the entire lot backed at long prices, and the most magnificent air castles had crumbled into a hopeless ruin.

The settling day came round in due time, and brought with it the only reality which the entire transaction ever possessed for the poor deluded backer. Along with the mathematical advantages which bookmakers in those days maintained over the backers, the former also had better information than the latter, and the inevitable result of the long odds' system was the steady transference of the backer's money into the exchequer of the bookmaker.

Times have changed, and intelligent backers have now the means for procuring the best information in connection with turf transactions. In this respect, therefore, both parties stand on tolerably equal footing, and the advantage which the latter still retains is only that the uncertainty of racing confers upon him. To this advantage I maintain the latter has a perfect right.

I see the "Sportsman," London, says: "Kilrain is the best man who ever entered a ring and should have won the fight. He didn't get the battle, but he has won the respect of the world and, with all the prejudiced, is today the recognized champion." About time to admit it.

By the way, on Charley Mitchell's arrival in this country, the POLICE GAZETTE, in 1883, published the following: "Mitchell is big enough to fight any man in the world. He stands 6 feet 9 inches in his fighting shoes, and after a regular routine of training he should be a dangerous customer for anyone to face in the ring. It must be remembered that when Tom Sayers fought Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, June 16, 1857, for 25 pounds and the new champion belt of England, Sayers only weighed 155 pounds, while the Slasher was 6 feet 9 inches, four inches taller than Sayers, and weighed (175 pounds) twenty-four pounds heavier than Sayers, but the great size of the Slasher and his big advantage over Sayers in weight and height did not make him win, for Sayers, to use the vernacular, smothered the great Slasher, and in ten rounds beat him and won the championship of England.

"Now, sporting men in England, old ring goers,

claim that Mitchell is another Tom Sayers. If this is the case, what is to prevent him climbing to the top of the pugilistic ladder in this country, as he has done in England.

"Should he decide to fight Sullivan, and there is nothing to stop him from doing so, for he is very ambitious and eager to mount to the top of the ladder, and win and wear the proud title of champion pugilist of the world. If Sullivan would agree to fight Mitchell there is not the least doubt but that he can bring on a match with the English champion, if he is eager to do so.

"Sporting men claim that Mitchell is too small in stature and far too light to meet the champion, but that point can only be decided within the twenty-four foot ring. After the English champion has become acclimated there is every indication that he will declare himself ready to do battle with nature's weapons against any man in the world."

In referring to Jake Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion, the London Sporting Life says: "He is a picture of confidence and self-reliance. He is a fine, manly, upstanding young fellow, with what appears to be a tremendous reach. He is wonderfully well set up about the shoulders, possesses very fine shape, and in appearance is the very picture of robust health; and if there ever was a champion it is the American Richard K. Fox offered to match against John L. Sullivan, and when the latter pulled down his battle flag matched him to fight Jim Smith, England's champion."

An extract from the "Sporting Life," in regard to the Sullivan and Mitchell fight, says: "At times the monotony of the business was agreeably disturbed by Mitchell's facetious remarks, which occasionally amused Sullivan, and he answered good humoredly, but the smile was very transient, for the giant again sobered down into a settled expression of gloom. Toward the finish the proceedings were by no means interesting, the men indulging in a good deal of pedestrianism, Mitchell being far more active in this respect than his opponent. In fact, Charles revelled in the advantages afforded him by the capacity of the ring.

"But still Mitchell gave Sullivan fight when least expected, and drove him into his corner, to the surprise of the spectators, more especially the American division, who could scarcely realize the situation.

"There was also a marked difference in the attitude and general deportment of the rivals, Mitchell standing lightly, posing gracefully, and dropping out of danger with wonderful alacrity, so much so that a cry of 'Foul!' went round the ring several times throughout the fight.

"In answer to this Mitchell said: 'Sullivan is the best judge of a foul. I'll do nothing wrong.' In point of contrast Sullivan made less use of himself than Mitchell, and stood firmly on his legs, mostly on the defensive, hoping that the opportunity would come for the use of his right. And so it did, but Mitchell either slipped away, or Sullivan was slow.

"The punishment was not very severe. Mitchell's left eye was almost closed and the parts above much swollen. The right side of his face was uninjured, but on the body were several marks of Sullivan's handiwork. Sullivan bore signs of more damage. His right eye was fast closing, and the left looked like following its example. Down the left ear was a clean incision, and the lobe was swollen, and blood oozed from the inside. On the neck were several abrasions, the same remark applying to the front of the body. From the nose and lips blood trickled. The fight occupied 3 hours 10 minutes 55 seconds."

The following committee has been selected in London to decide what form a proposed testimonial to Charley Mitchell shall assume: Marquis of Queensberry (president), A. E. Wells (Pellican Club), H. Macevay, Jake Kilrain, Will Riley, Benjamin Hyams, Andy Anderson, C. W. Blake and Geo. W. Atkinson (Sporting Life).

The following amounts have already been subscribed: Marquis of Queensberry, 10 guineas; Sporting Life, 25s; Jake Kilrain, 25s; George W. Moore, 25s; H. Macevay, 25s; Lord Riley, 25s; John Percival, 25s; Gordon Cummings, 25s; Lord Sandys, 25s; Lord de Clifford, 25s; Sir Archibald Drummond, 25s; Hugh Drummond, 25s; Arthur Cooper, 25s; Lord Maudslayi, 25s; John Corbett, 25s; Capt. Jenks, 25s; Jack Baldock and Jack Harper, 25s; Lord Mayo, 25s. It is expected \$5,000 will be raised before subscription list closes.

Richard K. Fox cabled the following to Geo. W. Atkinson: "Mitchell deserves big testimonial. I admire his grit, and mail 25s to-day for the testimonial. Regards to Mitchell and to Jake Kilrain, champion of the world."

I understand that Patsy Cardiff, who fought a draw with John L. Sullivan, is going to forsake the pugilistic arena for the matrimonial parlor. By this means he escapes several disagreeable phantoms that have been shadowing him. Big Pat Kilrain, who has dubbed Cardiff the "champion coward of the Northwest" for several months past, declares himself "off his trail" now Patsy is to be married. "I want to give him a chance to enjoy his honeymoon," says the accommodating Kilrain, and withdrew the \$500 forfeit posted with his latest d. f. By the way, it is reported that Cardiff is well enough fixed financially to retire from the ring.

Cardiff has been very lucky since his advent in Minneapolis. The first chunk of solid luck that he struck was in the person of clever and good-natured John Donaldson, his present business partner. Donaldson took Cardiff into business with him, and by his shrewdness has made Cardiff a capitalist. He has also made him a reputation as pugilistic champion. Without the aid, counsel and coaching of Donaldson, Cardiff would never have been able to face Sullivan, to say nothing about "staying" with him. Prof. Donaldson has not followed his present occupation for glory alone. He has got rich, also. Donaldson owns more houses and lots in Minneapolis than a great many men in the slugging business do dollars.

In England there has turned up another L. E. Myers. The person I refer to is F. J. K. Cross, the President of the Oxford University. Cross is continually beating records, and this is what "Red Dragon" writes about him: "In my first letter I spoke of F. J. K. Cross, president of the Oxford University A. C., as the most likely man to get us out with new records at middle distances. He is rapidly fulfilling my anticipations. I have already told you how La Maitre ran 600 yards at Stamford Bridge, October 15, in 1 minute 14 seconds. The pair, Cross and La Maitre, met in the Strangers 600 yard race at University College sports, Oxford, on November 18, Cross won by three yards in 1 minute 12 1/2 seconds, thus completely knocking out all British records at the distance, and but little behind Myers' American time, 1 minute 11 3/4 seconds.

"Subsequently Cross turned out for the Strangers' Half at Queen's Hall, Oxford, on November 24, and gave La Maitre 12 yards, but beat him by 8 yards in the grand time of 1 minute 56 1/2 seconds—best made by a Britisher—10ths of a second better than Edinburgh's record (1 minute 57 1/4 seconds) of 12 years ago. Had he been pulled out he would have doubtless equalled Myers' 1 minute 56 seconds, made at Stamford Bridge in 1881.

"After these shows I am certain that Cross will beat 4 minutes 20 seconds for the mile, and, as he is a sure stayer for that distance, most likely beat George's record of 4 minutes 18 1/2 seconds. We sadly want some amateur records. Most of these, from 500 yards upwards, are held by men who have turned professionals."

Johnnie Murphy, teacher of sparring at Harvard, says that the students take to sparring this year more than ever before and that fully 400 of them are learning to use the gloves. A dozen instructors are teaching there. The big men employ Joe Lannon and George Godfrey; the smaller Mike Daly and others of lesser fame.

JAKE IS CHAMPION.

The New York "Clipper" of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Police Gazette" Sporting Editor
Answers Thousands of Important Questions.

AUTHORITATIVE DECISIONS.

H. M. D.—No.
H. M., Algonac.—No.
N. H., Westport.—No.
M. W., Cincinnati.—Yes.
W. H. I., Lacey, Va.—No.
F. N., New York City.—No.
J. W., Ypsilanti, Mich.—No.
H. J. K., Pottsville, Pa.—No.
S. D., Salem, Mass.—B wins.
A. M., Tarrytown, N. Y.—No.
S. S. M., Arnot, Pa.—B wins.
D. J. S.—Harrisburg, Pa.—No.
R. W. M., Boston.—Sixes win.
W. S. H., Baltimore, Md.—Yes.
N. S. H., Morristown, N. J.—Yes.
S. W. P., Harrisburg, Pa.—Yes.
S. H., Hazleton, Pa.—Sixes win.
J. D. B., Providence, R. I.—Yes.
S. D., Columbus, Ohio.—Poteen.
D. S. J., Baltimore, Md.—Poteen.
J. O. N., Chicago, Ill.—152 pounds.
D. B. A., Pottsville, Pa.—Sixes win.
J. K. C., Preston.—High goes out first.
CLUB SWINGER, Syracuse.—115 pounds.
H. M., Lead City.—Neither wins. Draw.
CONSTANT READER, Syracuse, N. Y.—No.
J. C., New York City.—1. No. 2. Thanks.
C. T. H., Cornell, Cal.—About 300 pounds.
E. New Orleans, La.—Sixty-one is game.
F. B. W., Rossville.—High, low, pedro wins.
READER, Cleveland.—See answer to P. D. Q.
J. B., Boston.—The party who threw 44 won.
L. D., New York.—Any sporting goods store.
E. New Orleans, La.—Will answer next issue.
J. G. W., Jr., Wilmington, N. C.—1. No. 2. No.
M. J. S. AND D. S. W., Louisville.—Gen. Monroe.
G. R., Boston.—We can do nothing in the matter.
R. E., Beloit, Kansas.—Sullivan is 29 years of age.
G. R. W., Kansas City.—On the Curraugh of Kildare.
J. H., Ontonagon, Mich.—That is a matter of opinion.
F. G. B., Lenox, Mass.—Mitchell was a middle-weight.
W. B., Staten Island.—Apply to some dancing master.
J. D. L., Colusa.—John L. Sullivan weighs 230 pounds.
A. B., Toledo, Ohio.—1. W. G. George, 2. No. 3. Yes.
M. J. S., Paterson, N. J.—1. No. 2. At Louisville, Ky.
P. C., New York.—We do not know the party you refer to.
J. S., Mahanoy City.—Richard K. Fox backed Paddy Ryan.
F. A. R., Fall River, Mass.—Do not understand your query.
CONSTANT READER, Zanesville.—Game counts before pedro.
C. A. W., Thorson, Minn.—Dominick McCaffrey was defeated.
SHOEMAKER, Dayton, Ohio.—Write to the Sporting Life, London.

M. J. and J. D., Lexington.—1. Ennis won the 1887 Suburban.
2. No.
J. F., Dallas, Texas.—Send 30 cents for "Champions of the Ring."
T. A. W., Altoona.—The party who threw 27 only takes third money.
J. W., Rochester, N. Y.—Send for the "Police Gazette" Book of Rules.
D. J., Pottsville.—Charley Rowell will be 35 years old next August.
D. T. B., Walcott, Iowa.—Sullivan will be thirty years old Oct. 15, 1888.
F. J., Baltimore, Md.—Ace, king, queen, Jack and ten spot of one suit.
J. M., Calumet, Mich.—He was born in Birmingham of Irish parents.
G. H., Boston, Mass.—Put up a forfeit and issue a challenge to compete.
B. J. D., Orchard Lake, Mich.—We will use photo at some future date.
D. B. S., Baltimore Co., Maryland.—Sixes are high in throwing poker dice.
P. D. Q., Augusta, Ga.—R. F. Cook & Co., 164 Fulton street, New York.
J. L. S., Zanesville, O.—1. A wins. 2. Your decision was a correct one.
F. H. HATCH, Cleveland, O.—The party who bet they were "duns" won.
P. R., Portland, Ore.—1. No. 2. Tom Sayers and Jim Mace never fought.
F. P. W. AND W. B., Towanda.—1. Birmingham, England. 2. Irish parents.
T. J., Valley Mine, Trinidad, Col.—Fourteen feet 5 1/2 inches; 29 1/2 seconds.
R. W., Briston, N. Y.—The decision of a referee is final and there is no appeal.
P. H., New York.—Jim Mace and Joe Goss fought both in a 24 and a 16-foot ring.
V. L. A., Montreal, Canada.—It was a draw, darkness putting a stop to hostilities.
CHRIS B., Kansas City.—John L. Sullivan will be 30 years of age on Oct. 15, 1888.
J. M., Brooklyn, E. D.—Write to Prof. Wm. Clark, Swimming Natatorium, St. Louis.
F. O., New York City.—Wood's gymnasium, Twenty-eighth street, New York city.
A. B. C., No. Adams, Mass.—Write to W. A. Doscher, 33 & 35 First street, New York.
D. and B., Baltimore.—Five holes is correct. Four for a run of four and one for the go.
S. J., Louisville, Ky.—The best way to do is to wait until the horses come to the post.

M. J., Toledo, Ohio.—John L. Sullivan weighed 30 pounds more than Charley Mitchell.
G. M., Lawrence, Mass.—Jim Mace and Tom King fought twice; each gained a victory.
CHAS. K. UALL, Yates, N. Y.—The police stopped the contest at the third round; neither was beaten.
M. B., Chicago, Ill.—You lose. John L. Sullivan is not 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height, but 5 feet 10 1/4 inches.
H. G., Philadelphia.—Sullivan and Slade only engaged in a 4 3-minute round glove contest for gate money.
A. R., Denison, Texas.—Sullivan weighed 30 pounds more than Mitchell. Do not know the exact weight.
H. M. Q., Newburyport, Mass.—Send 30 cents for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."
M. J., Jacksonville, Fla.—It was in his glove contest with Patsy Cardiff that John L. Sullivan broke his arm.
D. J., San Jose, Cal.—1. Yes. 2. The London prize ring rules are the only rules to decide championship contests.
F. A. F., Aberdeen, Miss.—The horse that came in first won. The lead he gained at the start could not change the result.
E. S. B., Antwerp, N. Y.—Jake Kilrain is styled champion of the world. The London Sporting Times gives him that title.
CONSTANT READER, East Pembroke, N. Y.—1. No. 2. The battle was decided a draw. 3. No; but if he is struck he can fall.
PETER H., Esmond, DeKalb Co., Ill.—There is no money in foot racing unless you are a first-class sprinter. Keep to your work.
M. S., Hartford.—A and B throw off the tie, the winner takes the set of harness, C is out of the race, being beaten by A and B.

W. H. K., Brush Creek, Iowa.—John C. Heenan's arm was not broken, neither was Tom Sayers' when they fought in 1860 in England.

M. J., Olean, N. Y.—1. Richard K. Fox did offer to back John L. Sullivan to meet Jim Smith, the English champion. 2. Sullivan backed out.

J. D., Three Lakes, Wis.—John L. Sullivan first won the championship at Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 7, 1882. It was the only battle Sullivan ever fought for the title.

BOTTOM UP, Carrollton, Ill.—1. Because neither won. 2. According to London prize ring rules, a man must either win or be beaten before the contest is decided, otherwise it is a draw.

D. T., Forest City, Cal.—1. Charley Mitchell proved he was the best fighter according to London prize ring rules. 2. The latter rules are the only rules which decide the status of a champion.

CONSTANT READER.—The odds A bet you, \$50 to \$10, that Sullivan would win in his battle with Mitchell does not make a loss. It has nothing to do with the decision. The bet is a draw and would have been if A had bet.

D. J. C., Kalamazoo.—You cannot make either an athlete or a Samson out of an attenuated dude with meagre legs and plump chest, who shirks exercise. Buy dumbbells, send for the "American Athlete" to this office, and make your own exercise.

W. P. R., Bowman, Tate Co., Mich.—1. John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain were never matched to fight, simply because Sullivan refused to fight Kilrain for \$5,000 or \$10,000. 2. Kilrain was given the "Police Gazette" diamond belt to defend because of Sullivan's refusal to meet him.

D. J. B., Holyoke, Mass.—A wins; the "Police Gazette" champion Japanese wrestler's name is spelled Matsuda, not Matsadar. His proper name is Matsuda Kogoro Sorakichi. He was born at Tokio, Japan, on September 18, 1861. He will be 27 years old next September. He came to New York from Japan in 1883.

D. J., Detroit.—1. Charley Mitchell had the privilege of following any tactics he desired, providing he did not infringe the rules. 2. He was not compelled to stand still and be struck. 3. Queensberry rules and London prize ring rules are different; but a champion pugilist should be able to contend by either, if he is a genuine champion.

J. W., Bordenstown, N. J.—1. The following are the pugilists Richard K. Fox has offered to back against John L. Sullivan after he matched Paddy Ryan against the Boston boxer: James Collins, better known as Tug Wilson; Herbert A. Slade, Charles Mitchell, Alfred Greenfield and Jake Kilrain. 2. It was Billy Madden who offered to back Jack Ashton against Sullivan. 3. Yes.

W. J. B., Morris Run, Pa.—The fastest amateur time for running one-half mile, 380 yards, is 1 min. 54 1/2 sec., by F. J. K. Cross, at Oxford, England, March 9, 1888. Cross' time, 1 minute 54 1/2 seconds, now becomes the fastest amateur record in the world, supplanting 1 minute 55 3/4 seconds, made by L. E. Myers, both in England and America. The alleged record of 1 minute 54 1/2 seconds, attributed to E. Hewitt in Australia, in 1871, has never been properly authenticated, and it is probable that Cross' performance is the fastest ever made by man.

H. W., Boston.—C. Carr, coming single scull champion of England, is 6 feet 3 1/4 inches in height, weighs 190 pounds and is 37 years of age. His first and only race was with W. G. East, which took place on the Tyne on the last day, 31st December, of the old year, 1887, over the championship course, for £50 a side. East has been racing since 1877, when he was only eleven years of age, but has never done very much. His best and last performance was winning the much coveted Dorset's coat and badge on the 30th day of July, 1887. The Tyneiders turned out in their tens of thousands to see East win, but they were sadly disappointed, for Carr won by 23 seconds. The time being, Carr, 25 minutes 57 seconds; East, 38 minutes 20 seconds.

W. J., Omaha.—It is no use you finding fault with our decision that Sullivan's father was born in County Kerry, for we were correct, and the paper you refer to was wrong. In order to prove that the decision given in the POLICE GAZETTE was the correct one, we wrote to John L. Sullivan's father, and this is the reply:

RICHARD K. FOX.—Dear Sir: I am only too pleased to let you know where I was born, and my wife also. I was born in the County of Kerry, in the year 1826, which leaves me about sixty years old. My wife was born in Roscommon, the centre of Ireland. Did you ever know or hear tell of a place called Tralee? If you did, about three miles from there is the place of my birth. I will now close by sending my regards to you, and hope I will hear from you soon again. With best wishes, I remain your sincere friend,
MICHAEL SULLIVAN,
8 Farnell St., Boston, Mass.

There is no denying the above, and Michael Sullivan's letter proves we were correct, as usual.

D. J. AND B. S., Lexington, Ky.—The following are the owners, horses and their weights that are entered in the Brooklyn Handicap and Suburban.

OWNER AND HORSE.	Weight.	Suburban Handicap.
Dwyers' ch c Hanover, 4.	120	121
Dwyers' br c Kingston, 4.	120	121
Santa Anita's b h Volante, 6.	120	121
McMahon & Co's br h Eolian, 5.	120	121
Prekness' b h Linden, 5.	120	121
Brown's b c Stayesant, 4.	116	117
Morris's b c Favor, 6.	116	117
Lakeland's b h Exile, 6.	116	117
Kahn's br h Saxony, 5.	116	117
Gratz's br h Monopole, 5.	116	117
Wither's ch c Laggard, 4.	116	117
Gratz's ch h Elkwood, 5.	116	117
Morrissey's b h Kalamath, 5.	116	117
Morrissey's ch c Banburg, 4.	116	117
Haggins' b f Firenze, 4.	116	117
Haggins' br h Ben All, 4.	116	117
Brown's b h Blue Wing, 5.	116	117
Cassatt's b h Eurus, 5.	116	117
Dwyers' ch h Joe Cotton, 6.	116	117
Acorn Stable's b h Richmond, 6.	116	117
Santa Anita's b c E. of Norfolk, 3.	116	117
Santa Anita's b f Miss Ford, 4.	116	117
Curtis's b h Egmont, 5.	116	117
Haggins' ch f Aurelia, 4.	116	117
Snedeker's b c Esquimaux, 4.	107	114
Belmont's b c Grifflame, 4.	107	114
Prekness's b c Bolvidere, 4.	107	114
Santa Anita's b f Grisette, 4.	107	114
Santa Anita's b c Goliath, 4.	107	114
Appleby's b c Bradford, 4.	107	114
Prekness's b g Rupert, 6.	110	109
Dwyers' b h Bessie June, 4.	108	109
Lamasney's ch g Chimax, 5.	108	109
Brown's ch h Bob Flamer, 5.	108	109
Tremont's b h Pontico, 5.	108	109
McDonald's b h Long Knight, aged.	108	114
Belmont's b h Lady Primrose, 4.	108	114
Appleby's ch c Stockton, 4.	108	114
Summit's ch g Royal Arch, aged.	108	114
Burch's ch h Savanac, 5.	108	114
Danaher's b h Masterpiece, 5.	108	114
Grill's ch h Wickham, 5.	108	114
Davis's b h Bess, 5.	108	114
Street's ch g Maroon, 4.	108	114
Belmont's b c George Oyster, 3.	108	114
Cotton's ch c Queen of Elizabeth, 4.	108	114
Morris's b f Lizzie Baker, 4.	108	114
McCormick's ch h Gowan, aged.	108	114
McConnell's b c Banner Bear, 5.	108	114
Gilden's b c Rustler, 4.	100	108
Grill's ch g Wilfred, 4.	98	108
Littlefield's b c Bela, 4.	108	114
Sagamore's b c Hamilton, 4.	108	114
Heron's ch g Ontario, 4.	108	114
Bowie's My Maryland geld, 5.	108	114
Tremont's ch g Schuor, 4.	108	114
Brown's ch g Ariel, 5.	98	98
Belmont's b g Oceola, 4.	98	98
Cornelissen's br g King Crab, 3.	98	98
Littlefield's b c Kalamath, 4.	98	100
Lorillard's ch c Benedictus, 3.	98	98
Dwyers' br c Fordham, 3.	98	98
Bruce's ch c Kingmate, 4.	98	98
Madison's ch c Ordway, 4.	98	98
Westbury's ch g Bretton, 4.	98	98
Walden's ch f My Own, 3.	94	98
Doswell's ch c Charley Droux, 3.	94	98
McCormick's ch g Firefly, 3.	94	98
Cassatt's br c Chubbly, 3.	94	98
Santa Anita's ch g California, 3.	94	98
Bloom's ch g Easterbok, 3.	94	98

KING OF THE P. R.

The New York "Clipper" of March 31 decides the championship question as follows: "Sullivan forfeited the championship of America to Kilrain by declining a challenge issued by the latter. John L. never contended for or held a challenge belt."



"HOWDY, 'JIM' GOULD."

THE GREAT WALL STREET KING MEETS WITH AN AMUSING INCIDENT ON HIS RECENT TRIP AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.



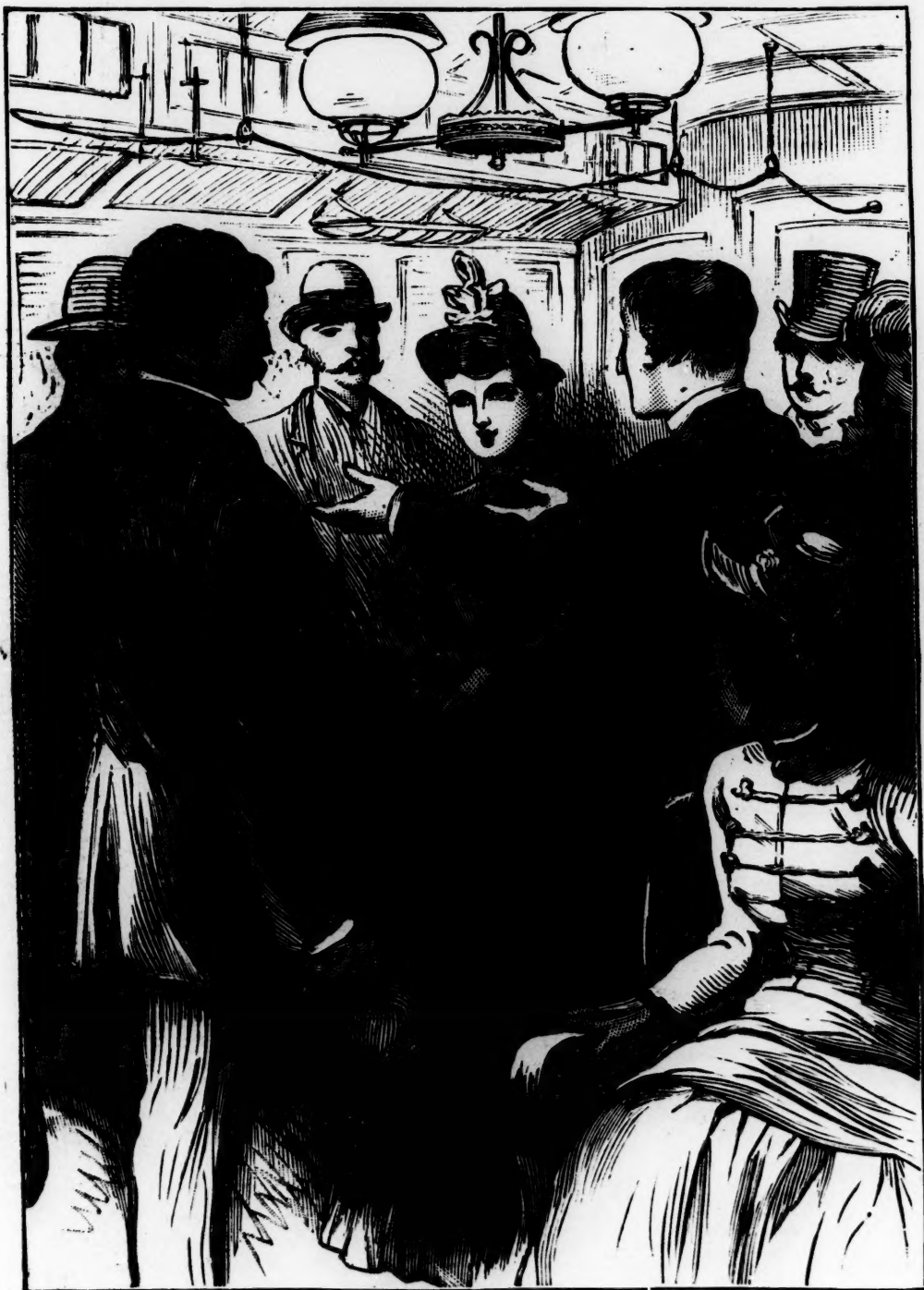
FIGHTING OVER AN ACTRESS.

ONE OF THE THREE "DALLAS" IN HAVELIN'S THEATRE, CINCINNATI, O., CAUSES A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE BETWEEN TWO DUDES.



THEY DIDN'T MIND THE BLIZZARD.

A HEBRON, CONNECTICUT, COUPLE WHO MADE THEIR WEDDING TOUR THROUGH SNOW DRIFTS ON SLEDS DRAWN BY OXEN.



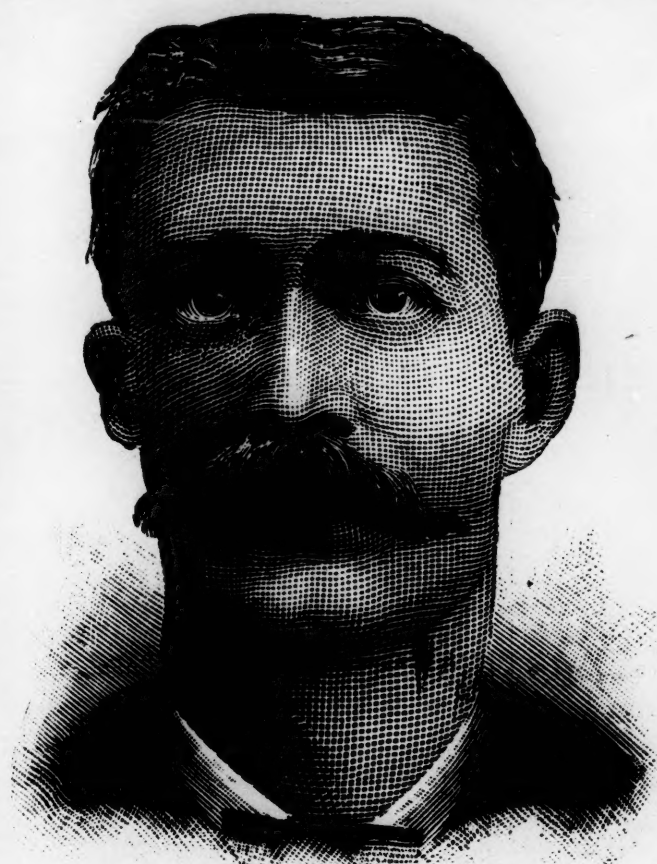
COULDN'T GET THERE FAST ENOUGH.

A COUPLE ON A RAILROAD TRAIN NEAR CUMBERLAND, MD., HAVE THE KNOT TIED THEN AND THERE.

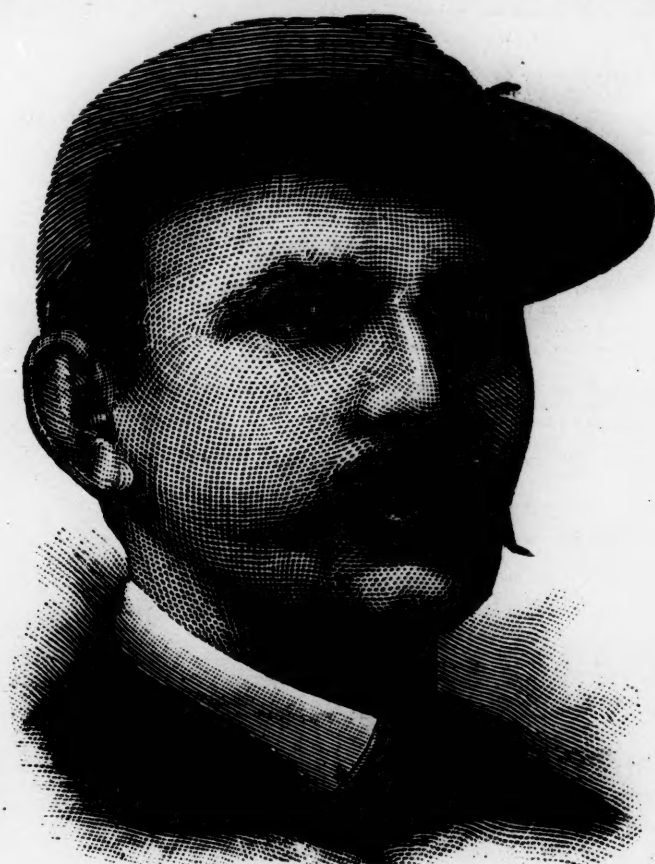


A PLOT THAT FAILED.

MR. LUTHER H. ROWE OF MALDEN, MASS., IS INVEIGLED INTO A STRANGE HOUSE AND FIRED AT THROUGH A PANEL IN THE WALL.



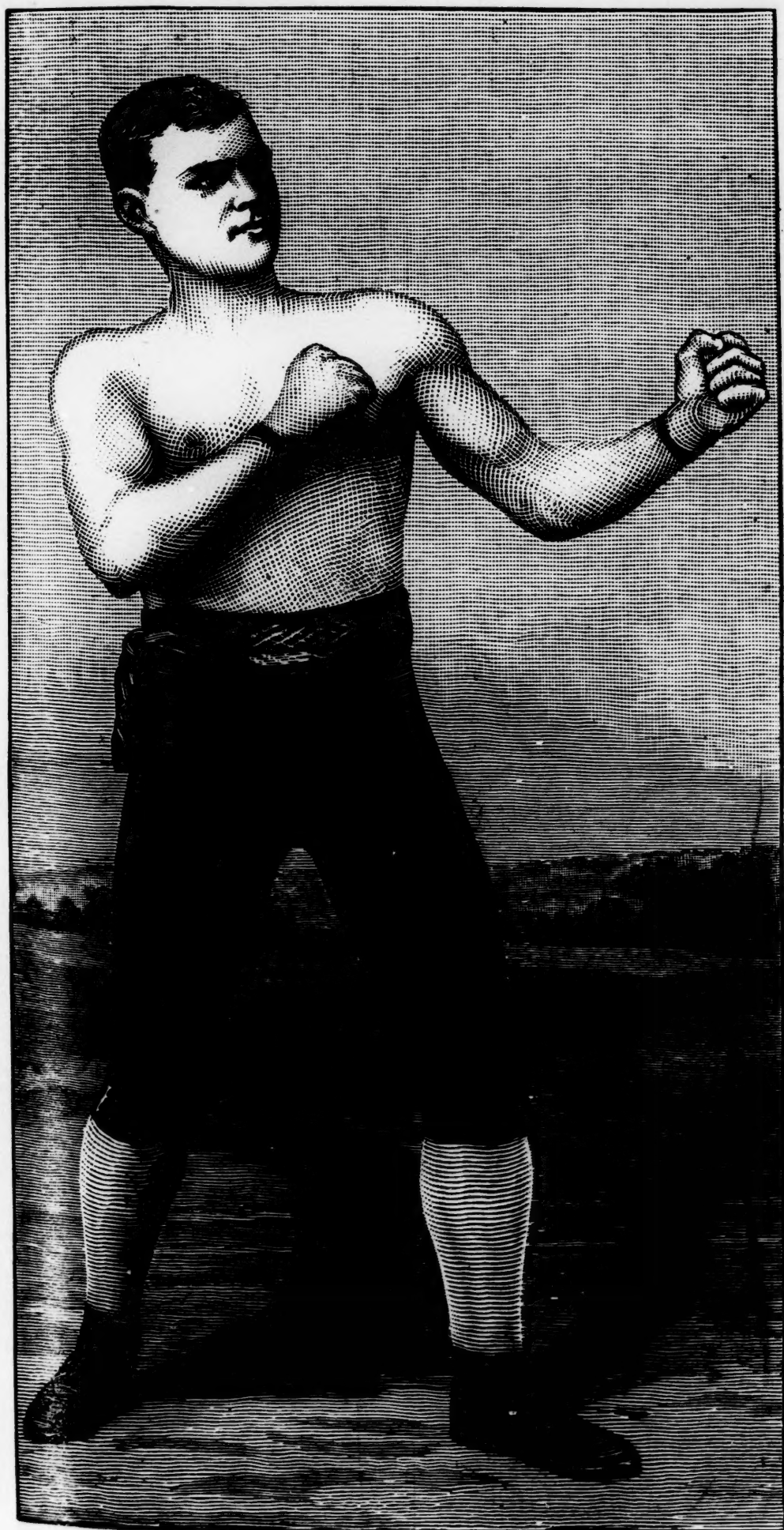
JOE SCOTT,
OF DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, CHAMPION WALKER
OF THE WORLD.



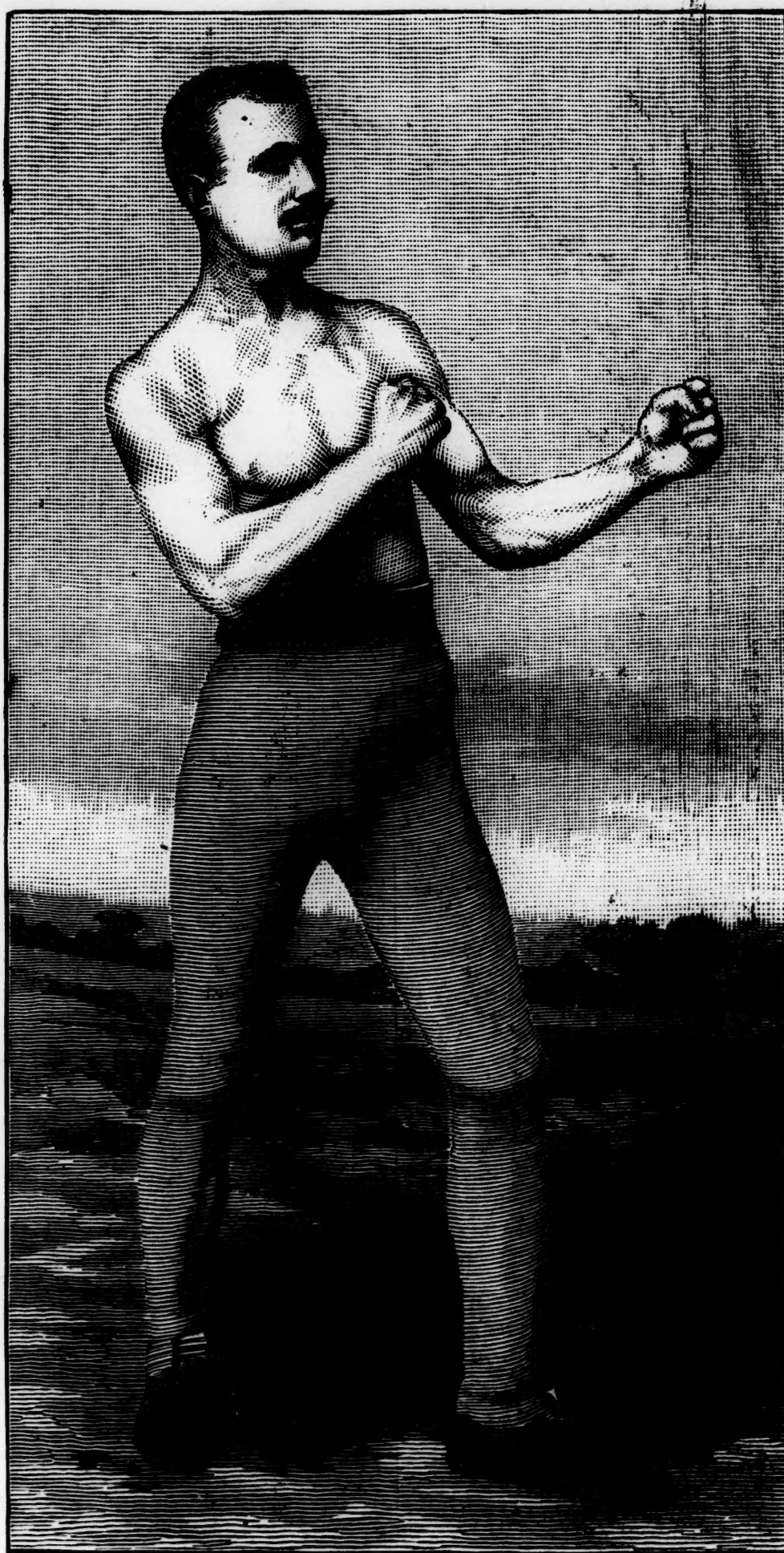
MARVE BEARDSLEY,
OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA, THE CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE RIDER,
NOW IN ENGLAND.



WILL T. HOAGLAND,
OF UNION SPRINGS, N. Y., CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE HEEL-
AND-TOE WALKER OF AMERICA.



JACK BATES,
A NOTED FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, AND CHALLENGER
OF ANY ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-POUND IN AMERICA.



BART J. DORAN,
A CLEVER EXPONENT OF THE MANLY ART, INSTRUCTOR OF SPARRING TO THE
MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY.



A JEALOUS WOMAN'S MADNESS.

SHE APPEARS AT A WEDDING IN LIMA, OHIO, AND THREATENS TO KILL THE BRIDEGROOM
IF THE CEREMONY IS ALLOWED TO PROCEED.